

9.7  
THE  
FATALL  
DOVVY:  
A  
TRAGEDY.

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*As it hath beene often Acted at the Pri-  
vate House in Blackefryers, by his  
Majesties Servants.*

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*Written by P. M. and N. F.*

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LONDON,

Printed by IOHN NORTON, for FRANCIS  
CONSTABLE, and are to be sold at his  
Shop at the Crane, in Pauls Church-  
yard. 1633.

# THE FATAL DOVVY.



Charalois.

Florinel. 2

Romont.

Bellapers. 3

Charmi.

Aymer.

Nouall Sen.

Nouall Jun.

Liladam.

Advocates.

Du Croy.

Creditors 3.

Rochfort.

Officers.

Baumant.

Priest.

Pontalier.

Taylor.

Malotin.

Barber.

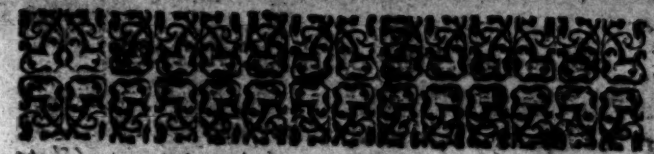
Beaumelle.

Perfumer.

LONDON

Printed by John Norton for T. A. N. 18  
Gentlemen, and are to be sold at his  
Shop in Great Britain Street.  
June 1832.





First Song.

**F**lee, cease to wonder,  
 Though you heare Orpheus with his lavy Lute,  
 Move Trees and Rocks,  
 Charme Bulls, Beaves, and men more savage to be mute,  
 Weake foolish singer, here is one,  
 Would haue transform'd thy selfe, to stone.

Second Song.

A Dialogue betwene Nanall, and Beaumelle.

**Man.**  
**S**Et Phoebus, set, a sayre sunne doth rise,  
 From the bright Radience of my eyes, whenever  
 I dare not looke each haire a golden line, (Ohon begas'te.  
 Each word a hooke,  
 The more I heare, the more still I am tooke.  
**Wom.**  
 Fayre seruant, come, the day these eyes doe lend  
 To warme thy blood, thou dost so vainely spend.  
**Man.**  
 What noate so sweet as this,  
 That calles the spirit to a further blisse?  
**Wom.**  
 Yet this out-sauours wine, and this Perfume:  
**Man.**  
 Let's dye, I languish, I consume.

Citi-

## Citizens Song of the Courtier.

**C**ourtier, if thou needs wilt wine,  
 From this lesson learne to thrine. (State,  
 If thou match a Lady, that passes thee in birth and  
 Let her curious garments be  
 Twice above thine owne degree;  
 This will draw great eyes upon her,  
 Get her servants and thee honour.

## Courtiers Song of the Citizen.

**P**oore Citizen, if thou wilt be  
 A happy husband, learne of me;  
 To set thy wife first in thy shop, (up.  
 A faire wife, a kinde wife, a sweet wife, sets a poore man  
 What though thy sheldes be ne're so bare;  
 A woman still is currant ware;  
 Each man will cheapen, foe, and friend,  
 But whilst thou art at to her end,  
 What ere thou seest, or what dost heere,  
 Foole, haue no eye to, nor an eare;  
 And after supper for her sake,  
 When thou hast fed, sleepe, though thou wake:  
 What though the Gallants call thee mome?  
 Yet with thy lanthorne lights her home:  
 Then looke into the towne and tell,  
 If no such Tradesmen there doe dwell.

# The Fatall Dowry:

A Tragedy.

*Act. primus. Scena prima:*

*Enter Charaloyes with a paper, Romont, Charmi.*

*Charmi.*

**S**IR, I may moue the Court to serue your will,  
But therein shall both wrong you and my selfe,  
*Rom.* Why thinke you so sir?

*Charmi.* Canse I am familiar  
With what will be their answer & they will say,  
Tis against law, and argueme of Ignorance  
For offering them the motion.

*Rom.* You know not, Sir,  
How in this cause they may dispencc with Law,  
And therefore frame not you their answers for them,  
But doe your parts.

*Charmi.* I loue the cause so well,  
As I could runne, the hazard of a checke for't.

*Rom.* From whom?

*Charmi.*

## The Fatall Downy.

*Charmi.* Some of the bench, that watch to giue it,  
More then to doe the office that they sit for:  
But giue me (sir) my fee.

*Rom.* Now you are Noble.

*Charmi.* I shall deserue this better yet, in giuing  
My Lord some counsell, (if he please to heare it)  
Then I shall doe with pleading.

*Rom.* What may it be, sir?

*Charmi.* That it would please his Lordship, as the Presi-  
And Counsaylors of Court come by, to stand  
Heere, and but shew your selfe, and to some one  
Or two, make his request: there is a minute  
When a mans presence speaks in his owne cause,  
More then the tongues of twenty aduocates.

*Rom.* I haue vrg'd that.

*Enter Rochfort: Du Croye.*

*Charmi.* Their Lordships here are counting,  
I must goe get me a place, you'l finde me in Court,  
And at your seruice.

*Exit Charmi.*

*Rom.* Now put on your Spirits.

*Du Croye.* The ease that you prepare your selfe, my Lord,  
In giuing vp the place you hold in Court,  
Will proue (I feare) a trouble in the State,  
And that no slight one.

*Roch.* Pray you sir, no more.

*Rom.* Now sir, lose not this offred meance: their lookes  
Fixt on you, with a pittying earnestnesse,  
Inuite you to demand their furtherance  
To your good purpose. — This such a delucess  
So foolish and vntimely as —

*Du Croye.* You know him.

*Roch.* I doe, and much lament the sudden fall  
Of his braue house. It is young *Charloyes*.  
Sonne to the Marshall, from whom he inherits  
His fame and vertues onely.

*Rom.* Ha, they name you.

*Du Croye.* His father died in prison two daies since.

*Roch.*



## The Fatall Downy.

*Reb.* Yes, to the shame of this vngatefull State;  
That such a Master in the art of warre,  
So noble, and so highly meriting,  
From this forgetfull Country, should, for want  
Of meanes to satisfie his creditors,  
The summes he tooke vp for the generall good,  
Meet with an end so infamous.

*Rem.* Dare you euer hope for like opportunity?

*Du Croys.* My good Lord!

*Reb.* My wish bring comfort to you.

*Du Croys.* The time calls vs.

*Reb.* Good morrow Colonell.

*Exeunt Reb. Du Croys.*

*Rem.* This obstinate spleene,  
You thinke becomes your sorrow, and sorts wel  
With your blacke suits: but grant me wit, or iudgement,  
And by the freedome of an honest man,  
And a true friend to boore, I swear 'tis shamefull.  
And therefore flatter not your selfe with hope,  
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloake,  
No though the ribous helpe, haue power to worke 'em  
To what you would: for those that had no eyes,  
To see the great acts of your father, will not,  
From any fashion sprow can put on,  
Bee taught to know their duties.

*Char.* If they will not,  
They are too old to learne, and I too young  
To giue them counsell, since if they partake  
The vnderstanding, and the hearts of men,  
They will preuent my words and reares: if not,  
What can perswasion, though made eloquent  
With griefe, worke vpon such as haue chang'd natures  
With the most savage beast? Blest, blest be euer  
The memory of that happy age, when iustice  
Had no gards to keepe off wrongd innocence,  
From flying to her succours, and in that  
Assurance of redresse: where now (*Romant*)

## The Fatal Downy,

The damnd, with more ease may ascend from Hell,  
Then we arlie at her. One Cerberus there  
Forbids the passage, in our Courts a thousand,  
As lowd, and fertyle headed, and the Client  
That wants the sops, to fill their rauenous throats,  
Must hope for no access: why should I then  
Attempt impossibilities & you friend, being  
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means,  
To make my entrance that way?

*Rom.* Would I were not.

But Sir, you haue a cause, a cause so iust,  
Of such necessitie, not to be deferd,  
As would compell a mayde, whose foot was neuer  
Set ore her fathers threshold, nor within  
The house where she was borne, cuer spake word,  
Which was not vshered with pure virgin blushes,  
To drowne the tempest of a pleaders tongue,  
And force corruption to giue backe the hire  
It tooke against her: let examples moue you  
You see great men in birth, esteeme and fortune,  
Rather then lose a scruple of their right,  
Fawne basely vpon such, whose gownes put off,  
They would disdaine for Seruants.

*Char.* And to these can I become a sutyor?

*Rom.* Without losse,

Would you consider, that to gaine their fauors,  
Our chastest dames put off their modesties,  
Soldiers forget their honors, vsurers  
Make sacrifice of Gold, poets of wits,  
And men religious, part with fame, and goodnesse?  
Be therefore wonne to vsle the meaner, that may  
Aduance your pious ends.

*Char.* You shall orecome.

*Rom.* And you receiue the glory, pray you how practise?  
'Tis well.

*Enter Old Nunnall, Lilladams,*

*Char.* Nor looke on me!

*Rom.* You must haue patience ———— *Offes't againe.*

*Char.*

## The Fatall Dowry.

*Cur.* And be againe condemn'd?

*Now.* I know whats to be done.

*i Cred.* And that your Lordship  
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer, first  
Our thankefull hearts heere, as a bounteous earnest  
To what we will adde

*Now.* One word more of this  
I am your enemy. Am I a man  
Your bribes can worke on? ha?

*Lilad.* Friends, you mistake  
The way to winne my Lord, he must not heare this;  
But I, as one in fauour, in his sight,  
May harken to you for my profit. Sir,  
I pray heare em.

*Now.* Tis well.

*Lilad.* Obserue him now.

*Now.* Your cause being good, and your proceedings so,  
Without corruption; I am your friend,  
Speake your desires.

*i Cred.* Oh, they are charitable,  
The Marshall stood engag'd vnto vs three,  
Two hundred thousand crownes, which by his death  
We are defeated of. For which great losse  
We ayme at nothing but his rotten flesh,  
Nor is that cruelty.

*i Cred.* I haue a sonne,  
That talkes of nothing but of Gunnes and Armors;  
And sweares hee'll be a soldier, tis an humor  
I would diuert him from, and I am told  
That if I minister to him in his drinke  
Powder, made of this banquerour Marshalls bones,  
Prouided that the carcase rot a boue ground,  
T will cure his foolish frensie.

*Now.* You shew in it  
A fathers care, I haue a sonne my selfe,  
A fashionable Gentleman and a peacefull.

## The Fatall Dowry.

And but I am assur'd he's not so given,  
He should take of it too. Sir, what are you?

*Char.* A Gentleman.

*Nou.* So are many that rake dunghills.  
If you haue any suit, moue it in Court.  
I take no papers in corners.

*Rem.* Yes as the matter may be carried, and hereby  
To mannage the conuayance—— Follow him.

*Lil.* You are rude. I say, he shall not passe. *Exit Nouall.*

*Rem.* You say so.

*Char. and Adoucates.*

On what assurance?

For the well cutting of his Lordships cornes,  
Picking his toes, or any office else  
Neerer to basenesse!

*Lil.* Looke vpon mee better,  
Are these the ensignes of so coorse a fellow?  
Be well aduis'd.

*Rem.* Out, rogue, do not I know, *(Kicks him)*  
These glorious weedes spring from the sordid dunghill  
Of thy officious basenesse? wert thou worthy  
Of any thing from me, but any contempt,  
I would do more then this, more, you Court-spider.

*Lil.* But that this man is lawlesse, he should find  
that I am valiant.

*1 Cred.* If your cares are fast,  
Tis nothing. Whats a blow or two? as much——

*2 Cred.* These chastisements, as viciull areas frequent  
To such as would grow rich.

*Rem.* Are they so Rascals? I will be friend you then.

*1 Cred.* Beare witnesse, Sirs.

*Lil.* Truth, I haue borne my part already, friends.  
In the Court you shall haue more. *Exit.*

*Rem.* I know you for  
The worst of spirits, that strike throb the tombes  
Of what is their inheriuance, from the dead.  
For vipers, bred by a ravenous peace;  
That hold the Charters of your wealth & freedom,



## The Fatall Dowry.

By being Knaues and Cuckolds that ne're prayd,  
But when you feare the rich heires will grow wise,  
To keepe their Lands out of your parchment coyless;  
And then, the Diuell your father's cald vpon,  
To inuent some wayes of *Luxury* ne're thought on,  
Be gone, and quickly, or Ile leane no roome  
Vpon your forehead for your hornes to sprowt on,  
With out a murmur, or I will vndoe you;  
For I will beate you honest.

*i Cred. Thrift forbid.*

We will beare this, rather then hazard that. *Exit Creditor.*

*Enter Charleyes.*

*Rom.* I am some-what eas'd in this yet.

*Char* (Onely friend)

To what vaine purpose do I make my sorrow,  
Wayte on the triumph of their cruelty ?  
Or teach their pride from my humilitie,  
To thinke it has erecome ? They are determin'd  
What they will do : and it may well become me,  
To robbe them of the glory they expect  
From my submisle intreaties.

*Rom.* Think not so, Sir,

The difficulties that you encounter with,  
Will crowne the vndertaking ——— Heauen, you weep  
And I could do so too, but that I know,  
Theres more expected from the sonne and friend  
Of him, whose still soft eye shales our miserie,  
Then sighs, or teares, ( in which a village wife  
Or cunning strumpet, when her house is bought,  
May overcome.) We are men ( young Lord )  
Let vs not do like women. To the Court,  
And there speake like your birthworne sleeping ladies,  
Or durst the Aun. This is a pay will doe  
With what you are, I tell you can so doe  
I will strike from my life, I will deliue  
Your clothes, or better with you — O how heavily  
This burden of eyes weighs you !

## The Fatall Downy.

One fuel to it, since you are on a flake,  
O, extreme danger suffer like your fate.

Exeunt.

Enter Rochfort, Noll Se, Charm, Du Croy, Advancers,  
Baumont, and Officers, and 3. Presidents.

Du Croy. Your Lordship's feared. May this meeting prove  
prosperous to vs, and to the generall good of Burgundy.

Noll Se. Speake to the poynt.

Du Croy. Which is,

With honour to dispose the place and power  
Of primier President, which this reuerent man  
Graue Rochfort, (whom for honours sake I name)  
Is purpos'd to religne a place, my Lords,  
In which he hath with such integrity,  
Perform'd the first and best parts of a Iudge,  
That as his life transcends all faire examples  
Of such as were before him in Dijon,  
So it remains to those that shall succede him,  
A President they may imitate, but not equall.

Roch. I may not sit to heare this.

Du Croy. Let the loue

And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodnesse,  
In this o'recome your modestie.

Roch. My thanks

For this great fauour shall present your trouble.  
The honourable trust that was impos'd  
Vpon my weakenesse, since you witnesse for me,  
It was not ill discharg'd, I will not mention,  
Nor now, if age had not depriu'd me of  
The little strength I had to gouerne well,  
The Prouince that I ynder tooke, forsake it.

Noll. That we could lend you of our yeeres.

Du Croy. Or strength.

Noll. Or as you are, perswade you to continue  
The noble exercise of your knowing iudgement.

Roch. That may not be, nor can your Lordships goodnes.

Since

## The Fast Duty.

Shew your impotency how much I'd upon me  
Sufficient wealth, I say the use of it,  
And though old age, when our fears in the grave;  
In many, when all humours are spent  
Fetters no affliction in them, but desire  
To add height to the enjoyment of their riches;  
In me it is not so, I rest content  
With the measure, and often I now possesse;  
And that I may have liberty to sit,  
What Heaven still blessing my pious industry;  
Hath made me Master of: I pray the Court  
To cast me of my burden, that I may  
Employ the small remainder of my life,  
In living well, and learning how to dye so;  
*Enter Remond, and Charlem.*

*Rem.* See sir, our Advocate.

*Du Croix.* The Court increaseth,  
Your Lordship will be pleas'd to name the man;  
Which you would have your successor, and in me,  
All promise to confirm it.

*Rem.* I embrace it,  
As an assurance of their favour to me,  
And name my Lord *Nesall*.

*Du Croix.* The Court allows it.

*Rem.* But there are suitors wait here, and their causes  
May be of more necessity to be heard,  
And therefore wish that mine may be defer'd;  
And theirs have hearing.

*Du Croix.* If your Lordship please  
To take the place, we will proceed.

*Charlem.* The cause

We come to offer to your Lordships censure,  
Is in it self so noble, that it needs not  
Or Rhetorique in me that plead, or favour  
From your grave Lordships, to determine of it;  
Since to the prayse of your impartiall justice  
(Which guilty, say condemn'd men, dare not scandal)

## The Fatal Dowry.

It will erect a trophy of your mercy  
VVith married to that Iustice.

*Non. Se.* Speake to the cause.

*Charm.* I will, my Lord: to say, the late dead Marshall  
The father of this young Lord heere, my Clyent,  
Hath done his Country great and faithfull service,  
Might taske me of impertinence to repeate,  
What your grane Lordships cannot but remember,  
He in his life, become indebted to  
These thirtie men, I will not wrong their credits,  
By giuing them the attributes they now merit,  
And sayling by the fortune of the warres,  
Of meanes to free himselfe, from his engagements,  
He was arrested, and for want of bayle  
Imprisoned at their suite, and not long after  
VVith losse of liberty ended his life.

And though it be a *Maxime* in our Lawes,  
All suites dye with the person, these mens malice  
In death find matter for their hate to worke on,  
Denying him the decent Rytes of buriall,  
VVhich thesworne enemies of the Christian faith  
Grant freely to their slaves, may it therefore please  
Your Lordships, so to fashion your decree,  
That what their crueltie doth forbid, your pittie  
May give allowance to.

*Non. Se.* How long haue you Sir practis'd in Court?

*Charm.* Some twenty yeeres, my Lord.

*Non. Se.* By your grosse ignorance it should appeare,  
Not twentie dayes.

*Charm.* I hope I haue giuen no cause in this, my Lord.

*Non. Se.* How dare you moue the Courty

To the dispensing with an Act confirmed

By Parliament, to the terror of all banquerouts?

Go home, and with more care peruse the Statutes

Or the next motion sanering of this bad law,

May force you to leape (against your will)

Over the place you plead at.

*Charm.*



## The Fatall Downry.

*Charmi.* I foresaw this.

*Rom.* Why does your Lordship thinke, the moving of  
A cause more honest then this Court had euer  
The honor to determine, can deserue  
• A checke like this?

*Non. Sr.* Strange boldnes I

*Rom.* Tis fit freedome:

Or do you conclude, an aduocate cannot hold  
His credit with the Iudge, vnlesse he study  
His face more then the cause for which he pleades?

*Charmi.* Forbear.

*Rom.* Or cannot you, that haue the power  
To qualifie the rigour of the Lawes  
When you are pleased, take a little from  
The strictnesse of your sower decrees, enacted  
In fauor of the greedy creditors  
Against the orethrowne debter?

*Non. Sr.* Sirra, you that prate  
Thus sawcily, what are you?

*Rom.* Why Ile tell you,  
Thou purple-colour'd man, I am one to whom  
Thou owest the meanes thou hast of sitting there,  
A corrupt Elder,

*Charmi.* Forbear.

*Rom.* The nose thou wearst, is my gift, and those eyes,  
That meete no object so base as their Master,  
Had bin, long since, torne from that guiltie head,  
And thou thy selfe slave to some needy Swisse,  
Had I not worne a sword, and vs'd it better  
Then in thy prayers thou ere didst thy tongue.

*Non. Sr.* Shall such an Insolence passe unpunisht?

*Charmi.* Heare mee.

*Rom.* Yet I, that in my seruicelone my Country,  
Disdains to bee put in the scale with thee,  
Confesse my selfe vnworthy to bee valued  
VVith the least part, nay haire of the dead Marshall,  
Of whose so many glorious vndertakings,

## The Fatall Dowry.

Make choice of any one, and that the meanest  
Performd against the subtil Fox of France,  
The politique *Lewis*, or the more desperate *Swisse*,  
And 'twyll outwaygh all the good purpose,  
Though put in act, that euer Gowneman practizd.

*Non. Sc.* Away with him to prison.

*Rom.* If that curses,

Vrg'd iustly, and breath'd forth so, euer fell  
On those that did deserue them; let not mine  
Be spent in vaine now, that thou from this instant  
Mayest in thy feare that they will fall vpon thee,  
Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with them.  
And for denying of a little earth,  
To couer what remaines of our great soldyer:  
May all your wines proue whores, your factors theetics,  
And while you liue, your tyorous heires vndoe you.  
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,  
Of all thy Lordships liue not to be owner  
Of so much dung as will conceale a Dog,  
Or what is worse, thy selfe in. And thy yeeres,  
To th'end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many,  
And as thou hast denied the dead a graue,  
May misery in thy life make thee desire one,  
Which men and all the Elements keepe from thee.  
I haue begun well, imitate, exceed.

*Rom.* Good counsaile were it, a prayse worthy deed. *Ex.*

*Dr. Croye.* Remember what we are. *Officers with Rom.*

*Chara.* Thus low my duty

Answeres your Lordships counsaile. I will vse  
In the few words (with which I am to trouble  
Your Lordships eares) the temper that you wish mee,  
Not that I feare to speake my thoughts as lowd,  
And with a liberty beyond *Romant*:  
But that I know, for me that am made vp  
Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end,  
Would seeme to most, rather a willingnesse  
To quit the burthen of a hopelesse life,

Then

## The Fatall Downy.

Then scorne of death, or duty to the dead.  
I therefore bring the tribute of my prayse  
To your seueritie, and commend the Iustices,  
That will not for the many seruices  
That any man hath done the Common wealch,  
Winke at his least of illsw hat though my father  
Vvrit man before he was so, and confirmd it,  
By numbring that day, no part of his life,  
In which he did not seruice to his Country;  
Was he to be free therefore from the Lawes,  
And ceremonious forme in your decrees?  
Or else because he did as much as man  
In those three memorable ouerthrowes  
At *Granson*, *Morat*, *Nancy*, where his Master,  
The warlike *Charloies* (with whose misfortunes  
I beare his name) lost treasure, men and life,  
To be excus'd, from payment of those summes  
Which (his owne patri mony spent) his zeale,  
To serue his Countrey, forc'd him to take vp?

*Now. Sr.* The president were ill.

*Char.* And yet, my Lord, this much  
I know youll grant; After those great defeasures,  
Which in their dreadfull ruines buried quick, *Enter officers*  
Courage and hope, in all men but himselfe,  
He forst the proud foe, in his height of conquest,  
To yeeld vnto an honourable peace.  
And in it saved an hundred thousand lines,  
To end his owne, that was sure proote against  
The scalding Summers heate, and Winters frost,  
Illyayres, the Cannon, and the enemies sword,  
In a most loathsome prison.

*Du Croi.* Twas his fault to be so prodigall.

*Now. Sr.* He had frō the state sufficient entertainment for

*Char.* Sufficient? My Lord, you sit at home, (the Army  
And though your fees are boundlesse at the barre  
Are thrifte in the charges of the warre,  
But your wills be obeyd, To these I turne,

## The Fatall Downy.

To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know  
They are onely good men, that pay what they owe;

2 *Cred.* And so they are.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the City Doctrine,  
We stand bound to maintaine it.

*Char.* Be constant in it,

And since you are as mercilesse in your natures,  
As base, and mercenary in your meanes

By which you get your wealth, I will not vrge  
The Court to take away one scruple from  
The right of their lawes, or one good thought  
In you to mend your disposition with.

I know there is no musique to your eares  
So pleasing as the groanes of men in prison,  
And that the teares of widows, and the cries  
Of famish'd Orphants, are the feasts that take you.

That to be in your danger, with more care

Should be auoyded, then infectious ayre,

The loath'd embraces of diseased women,

A flatterers poyson, or the losse of honour.

Yet rather then my fathers reuerent dust

Shall want a place in that faire monument,

In which our noble Ancestors lye intomb'd;

Before the Court I offer vp my selfe

A prisoner for it; loade me with those yrons

That haue worne out his life, in my best strength

Ile run to th'incounter of cold hunger,

And choose my dwelling where no Sun dares enter,

So he may be releas'd.

1 *Cred.* What meane you sir?

2 *Aduo.* Onely your fee againe; her's so much sayd

Already in this cause, and sayd so well,

That should I onely offer to speake in it,

I should not bee heard, or laugh at for it.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first mony aduocate ere gaue backe;

Though hee sayd nothing.

*Rech.* Be aduis'd, young Lord,

And



## The Fatale Downy.

And well considerate, you throw away  
Your liberty, and loyes of life together  
Your bounty is imployd vpon a subject  
That is not sensible of it, with which, wife men  
Neuer abus'd his goodness; the great vertues  
Of your dead father vindicate themselves  
From these mens malice, and breake ope the prison  
Though it containe his body.

*Non. Se.* Let him alone,  
If he loue Lords, a Gods name let him weare 'em,  
Provided these consent.

*Char.* I hope they are not  
So ignorant in any way of profit,  
As to neglect a possibility  
To get their owne, by seeking it from that  
Which can returne them nothing, but ill fame,  
And curses for their barbarous cruelties.

3 *Cred.* What thinke you of the offer?

2 *Cred.* Very well.

1 *Cred.* Accept it by all means, he's shut him self  
He is well-shap'd and has a villanous tongue,  
And should be study that way of revenge,  
As I dare almost sweare he loues a wench,  
We haue no wiues, nor neuer shall get daughters  
That will hold out against him.

*Da Cro.* What's your answer?

2 *Cred.* Speake you for all.

1 *Cred.* Why, let our executions  
That lye vpon the father, bee return'd  
Vpon the sonne, and wretched be the body.

*Non. Se.* The Court must grant you that.

*Char.* I thanke your Lordships,  
They haue in it confirm'd, on me such glory,  
As no time can take from me, I am ready  
Come lead me whither you please, I will  
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

*Exit Charms, Cred. & Officers.*

*Non.*

## The Fatall Downy.

*Non. Se.* Strange rashnesse.

*Rech.* A braue resolution rather,  
Worthy a better fortune, but howener  
It is not now to be disputed, therefore  
To my owne cause. Already I haue found  
Your Lordships bountifull in your fauours to me,  
And that should teach my modesty to end here  
And presse your loues no further.

*Du Croy.* There is nothing  
The Court can grant, but with assurance you  
May aske it, and obtaine it.

*Rech.* You encourage a bold Petitioner, and 'tis not fit  
Your fauours should be lost. Besides, 'cas beene  
A custome many yeeres, at the surrendring  
The place I now giue vp, to grant the President  
One boone, that parted with it. And to confirme  
Your grace towards me, against all such as may  
Detract my actions, and life hereafter,  
I now preferre it to you.

*Du Croy.* Speake it freely.

*Rech.* I then desire the liberty of *Rome*,  
And that my Lord *Nobell*, whose private wrong  
Was equall to the iniurie that was done  
To the dignity of the Court, will pardon it,  
And now signe his enlargement.

*Non. Se.* Pray you demand  
The moyety of my estate, or any thing  
Within my power, but this.

*Rech.* Am I denyed then my first and last request?  
*Du Croy.* It must not be.

*a. Pres.* I haue a voyce to giue in it.

*3. Pres.* And I.

And if perswasion will not worke him to it,  
We will make knowne our power,

*Non. Se.* You are too violent,  
You shall haue my consent. But would you had  
Made tryall of my loue in any thing

# The First Downfall

But this, you should have said otherwise. But it shall not  
You have what you desire, and I shall not be less

*Roeb.* I thank you, Lordship, for this, and I shall not be less

*De Cro.* The court is your master, and I shall not be less

*Roeb.* I follow you, Lordship, and I shall not be less

*Baum.* My Lord, I shall not be less

*Roeb.* You are a foolish fellow, and I shall not be less

And can search deeper into the secrets of men, and I shall not be less

Then those that are less knowing, and I shall not be less

The pious and brave belittlers of men, and I shall not be less

Young *Charley* to you, and I shall not be less

*Baum.* It is my wonder, and I shall not be less

Since I want language to express it, and I shall not be less

And sure the Colloquy, and I shall not be less

*Roeb.* Fie, he was faulty, what present money had he

*Baum.* There is no want, and I shall not be less

Of any summe a private man has use for, and I shall not be less

*Roeb.* 'Tis well, and I shall not be less

I am strangely taken with this *Charley*, and I shall not be less

Metinkes, from his example, the whole age, and I shall not be less

Should learne to be good, and continue so, and I shall not be less

Vertue workes strangely with vaine and his goodnesse, and I shall not be less

Rising about his fortune, seems to me, and I shall not be less

Princelike, to will not ask a decrease, and I shall not be less

## Act secundus. Scena prima.

Enter Pontalier, Alatorin, Baumont.

*Mal.* 'Tis strange.

*Baum.* Me thinks so,

*Pont.* In a man, but young,

Yet old in iudgement, theoricke, and practicke,

In all humanity (and to increase the wonder)

Religious;

# The Ratall Downe

Religious, yet a Gentleman, that he should  
Yield his free living youth a captive, for  
The freedome of his aged fathers Corps,  
And rather choost to wear his own  
Liberty, hope of fortune, than he should  
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.

*Male.* Come, 'Tis a golden prison in a Sonnet  
To let strong nature have the better hand,  
(In such a case) of all affected reasons  
What yeeres sits on this *(Overlaid)* *(17. old)*

*Baum.* Twenty eight, for since the clocke did strike him  
Vnder his fathers wing, this Sonnet hath sought  
Seru'd and commanded, and happily both  
That sometimes he appear'd his fathers father,  
And neuer lesse than's father, the old mans virtues  
So recent in him, as the world may sweare,  
Nought but a faire tree, could such fayre fruit beare.

*Pont.* But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law  
And men more barbarous to execute it,  
Prenaille on his soft disposition,  
That he had rather dyalline for debt  
Of the old man in prison, then he should  
Rob him of Sepulture, considering  
These monies borrow'd bought the lenders peace,  
And all their meanes they enjoy, nor was diffus'd  
In any impious or licentious path?

*Baum.* Truer for my part, were it my fathers trunk,  
The tyrannous Ram-heads, with their hornes (should gore it,  
Or, cast it to their curnes (than they) life canthin,  
Bre prey on me so, with their Lion-law,  
Being in my free will (as in his) to shun it.

*Pont.* Alasse! he knowes himselfe (in pouerty) lost:  
For in this partiall auaricious age  
What price beares Honor? Vertue? Long agoe  
It was but pray'd, and freez'd, but now a dayes  
'Tis colder far, and has, nor loue, nor praise,  
Very prayle now freezeth too for nature



## The Fatal Duty.

Did make the kitchen, And the Church-yard, the world in mourning  
Then knowledge vs (1000) hath made my Church-yard mourning

*Male.* This morning is the funeral.

*Pen.* Certainly!

And from this prison 'twas the Angels request

That his deare father might increase his fate

See, the young soules stand in ready state

*Banns.* They come to their order.

*Enter Funeral, Body borne by 4, Coffer-bearers and Mourners.*

*Mourners.* Sprinkled, and every good to her, Amen.

and Remount over the grave, speak, Amen, weep, Amen.

*Solemn Musicke, 3 Creeders.*

*Char.* How like a silent streame shadowed with night,  
And gliding softly with our windy sighes,  
Mones the whole frame of this solemnity!  
Tears, lightes and blackes, filling the family,  
Whilst I chee only murmur in this grove  
Of death, thus hollowly break forth! Vouchsafe  
To stay a while, rest, rest in peace, deare earth,  
Thou that brought'st it rest to their vnblessed lyes,  
Whose cruelty deny'd thee rest in death!  
Heere stands thy poore Executor thy sonne  
That makes his life prisoner, to bale thy death:  
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,  
Then Virgins long in loue, their wedding weeds:  
Of all that euer thou hast done good to,  
These onely haue good memories, for they  
Remember best, forget not gratitude.  
I thank you for this last and friendly loue.  
And tho this Country, like a viperous mother,  
Not onely hath eate vp vngatefully  
All meanes of thee her sonne, but last thy selfe,  
Leauing thy heire so bare and indigent,  
He cannot raise thee a poore Monument,  
Such as a flatterer, or a viler hath.



## The Fatal Downfall

Thy worth, in every honest heart, be holden one  
Making their friends hearts and souls all bound

*Poor. Sir.*

*Char.* Peace, O peace, this scene is wholly mine.

What weepe ye, soldiers? Blanche not, *Rom.* weeper?

Ha, let mee see, my miracle is ca'd

The iudges and the creditors are weepers

Euen they that make vs weepe, do weepe themselves

Be these thy bodies balme: these and thy vertue

Keepe thy fame euer odoriferous

VVhilst the great, proud, rich, vnderstanding man

Aline stinks in his vices, and being vanish'd

The golden calke that was an Idol's deck

VVith Marble pillars set, and Porphyrie,

Shall quickly both in hono and name consume

Though wrapt in lead, in case Seatecloth and perfume

*1 Cred. Sir.*

*Char.* VVhat! Away for shame: you prophane rogues

Must not be mingled with these holy reliques

This is a Sacrifice, but shewre shall crowne

His sepulcher with Olive, Myrrh and Bayes

The plants of peace, of sorrow, victorie

Your teares would spring but weedes

*1 Cred.* VVould they not so?

VVee'll keepe them to stop bottles then

*Rom.* No, keepe 'em for your owne sins, you Rogues

Till you repent, you'll dye else and be damnd

*2 Cred.* Damnd, ha! ha, ha.

*Rom.* Laugh yee?

*3 Cred.* Yes saith Sir, weel'd be very glad

To please you cyther way

*1 Cred.* Y are no're content

Crying nor laughing

*Rom.* Both with a birth shew rogues

*2 Cred.* Our wines, Sir, taught vs.

*Rom.* Looke, looke you slaves, your thanklesse cruelty

And sauge manners, of vnkind Dyes

Exhaust

## The Fall Downy.

Exhaust these floods, and not his fathers death.

1 *Cred.* Sild, Sir, what would yee, ye are so choicer.

2 *Cred.* Most soldiers are so fayth, let him alone.

They haue little else to liue on, we haue not had

A penny of him, hand wee?

3 *Cred.* Slight, wo'd you haue our hearts?

1 *Cred.* We haue nothing but his body heere in durance

For all our money.

*Priest.* On

*Chor.* One moment more,

But to bestow a few poore legacies;

All I haue left in my dead fathers rights;

And I haue done. Captaine, weare thou these spurs

That yet ne're made his horse runne from a foe.

Lieutenant, thou; this Scarfe, and may it tye

Thy valor, and thy honestie together

For so it did in him. Ensigne, this Curace

Your Generalls necklace once. You gentle Bearers,

Deuide this passe of gold; this other, strow

Among the poorentis all I haue. *Romant.*

(Weare thou this medall of himselfe) that like

A beasty Oake, grew it close to this tall Pine,

Euen in the wildest wilderness of war,

VVhereon foes broke their swords, and tyr'd themselves;

VVounded and hack'd yee were, but neuer fell'd.

For me, my portion prouide in Heautn

My roote is earth'd, and I a desolate branch

Left scattered in the high way of the world,

Trod vnder foot, that might haue bin a Colunne,

Mainely supporcing our demolish'd house,

This would I weare as my inheritance.

And what hope can arise to me from it,

VVhen I and it are both heere prisoners?

Oaely may this if euer we be free,

Keepe, or redeeme me from all infamie.

*Song. Musick.*

1 *Cred.* No further, looke to'em at your owne perill.

2 *Cred.* No, as they please their Master's a good man.

## The Fatal Downy?

I would they were the *Burmudas*.

*Saylor*. You must no further.

The prison limits you, and the Creditors

Exact the strictness.

*Rem*. Out you woolnith mungrelle!

Whole braynes should be knockt out, like *dogslaughter*.

Left your infection poyson a whole towne.

*Char*. They grudge our sorrow your ill wills persecke

Turnes now to Charity: they would not haue vs

Walke too farre mourning, visiters relieve

Griues, if the Debtors haue too much of griefe.

*Enter Beaumelle: Florimell: Bellapere.*

*Beau*. I prithee tell me, *Florimell*, why do women marry?

*Flor*. Why truly Madam, I thinke, to lye with their husbands.

*Bella*. You are a foole; She lyes, Madam, women marry

To lye with other men.

*Flor*. Faith, eene such a woman wilt thou make, By this

light, Madam, this wagtaile will spoyle you, if you take

delight in her licence.

*Beau*. Tis true, *Florimell*; and thou wilt make me too good

for a yong Lady. What an electuary found my father out for

his daughter, when hee compounded you two my woman?

for thou, *Florimell*, art eene a graine too heavy, simply for a

wayting Gentlewoman.

*Flor*. And thou *Bellapere*, a graine too light.

*Bella*. Well, go thy wayes goodly wisdom, whom no body

regards. I wonder, whether be elder thou or thy hood; you

thinke, because you serue my Ladies mother, are 33 years

old which is a peepe cut, you know.

*Flor*. Well sayd, wherligig.

*Bella*. You are decey'd: I want a peg ith' middle.

Out of these Prerogatives I you thinke to be mother of the

maydes heere, & mortifie em with pious bauges, goo, gouern

the sweet meates, and waigh the Snger, that the wenches

steale none day your prayers twice a day, and so I take it, you

have

## The Fatal Downy.

have performed your function.

*Flor.* I may bee euen with you.

*Bell.* Harke, the Court's broke vp, Gee helpe my old Lord out of his Caroch, and scratch his head till dinner time.

*Flor.* Well.

*Bell.* Fy Madam, how you walke! By my mayden-head you looke 7 yeeres older then you did this morning: why, there can be nothing vnder the Sunne valuable, to make you thus a minute.

*Beau.* Ah my sweete *Bellapere*, thou Cabinet To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause That makes thy Lady wither thus in youth.

*Bell.* Vd'd-light, enioy your wifenes whilst I live. One way or other you shall crowne your will. Would you haue him your husband that you loue, And can't nor bee? he is your seruant though, And may performe the office of a husband.

*Beau.* But there is honor, wench.

*Bell.* Such a diffease

There is in deed, for which ere I would dy.

*Beau.* Prethee, distinguish me a mayd & wife.

*Bell.* Faith, Madam, one may beare any mans children, Toether must beare no mans.

*Beau.* What is a husband?

*Bell.* Physicke, that rambling in your belly, will make you sickeish stomacke: the onely distinction betwixt a husband and a seruant is: the first will lye with you, when hee please; the last shall lye with you when you please. Pray tell me, Lady, do you loue, to marry after, or would you marry, to loue after?

*Beau.* I would meete loue and marriage both at once.

*Bell.* Why then you are out of the fashion, and wilbe contem'd for (Ile assure you) there are few women i<sup>n</sup> ch world, but either they haue married first, and loue after, or loue first, and married after: you must do as you may, not as you would: your fathers will is the Goale you must fly to, if a husband approach you, you would haue farther off, is he your loue,



## The Fatal Downy

loue the lesse neere you. A husband in these dayes is but a  
cloake to bee oftner layde vpon your bed, then in your  
bed.

*Baum. Humpe.*

*Bell.* Sometimes you may weare him on your shoulder,  
now and then vnder your arme: but seldome or neuer let him  
couer you for 'tis not the fashion.

*Enter y. Nouell, Pentelie, Malotin, Lilladam, Aym.*

*Nou.* Best day to natures curiosity,  
Starre of *Dijon*, the lustre of all *France*,  
Perpetuall spring dwell on thy rosy cheekes,  
Whose breath is perfume to our Continent,  
See *Flora* turn'd in her varieties.

*Bell.* Oh diuine Lord!

*Nou.* No autumn, nor no age euer approach  
This heauenly piece, which nature hauing wrought,  
She lost her needle and did then despaire,  
Euer to worke so linely and so faire.

*Lilad.* Vds light, my Lord, one of the purlies of your band  
is (without all discipline false) out of his ranke.

*Nou.* How? I would not for a 1000 crownes she had seen't.  
Deare *Liladam*, reforme it.

*Bell.* Oh Lord: *Per se*, Lord, quintessence of honour,  
shee walkes not vnder a weede that could deny thee any  
thing.

*Baum.* Prethy peace, wench, thou dost but blow the fire,  
that flames too much already.

*Lilad.* *Aym.* *seem Nouell,*  
*Aym.* By gad, my Lord, you haue the dimi-  
nest Taylor of Christendome; he hath made | *Lady.*

you lookelike an Angell in your cloth of Tissue doubler.

*Pent.* This is a three-leg'd Lord, ther's a fresh assault, oh  
that men should spend time thus!

See see, how her blood driues to her heart, and straight  
vauls to her cheekes againe.

*Male.* What are these?

*Pent.* One of 'em there the lower is a good, foolish, kna-  
uish, sociable gallimaufry of a man, and has much taught

## The Farall Dowry.

my Lord with singing, hee is master of a musicks house: the other is his dressing blocke, vpon whom my Lord layes all his cloathes, and fashions, ere he vouchsafes 'em his owne person; you shall see him i'th morning in the Gally-foyst, at noone in the Bullion, i'th evening in Quirpo, and all night in

*Malo.* A Bawdyhouse.

*Pont.* If my Lord deny, they deny, if hee affirme, they affirm: they skip into my Lords cast skins some twice a yeare, and thus they live to eate, eate to live, and live to prayse my Lord.

*Malo.* Good fir, tell me one thing.

*Pont.* What's that?

*Malo.* Dare these men euer fight, on any cause?

*Pont.* Oh no, 'twould spoyle their cloathes, and put their bands out of order.

*Non.* Mr, you heare the news: your father has resign'd his Presidentship to my Lord my father.

*Malo.* And Lord Charolme vndone forever.

*Pont.* Troth, 'tis pity, fir.

A brauer hope of to assur'd a father  
Did neuer comfort *Frances*.

*Lila.* A good dumbe mourner.

*Aym.* A silent blacke.

*Non.* Oh fir vpon him, how he weares his cloathes!  
As if he had come this Christmas from *St. Omers*,  
To see his friends, and return'd after Twelferyde.

*Lila.* His Colonell lookes finely like a drouer.

*Non.* That had a winter ly'n perdieu i'th rayne.

*Aym.* What he that weares a clout about his necke?  
His cuffes in's pocker, and his heart in's mouth?

*Non.* Now out vpon him!

*Beau.* Seruant, tye my hand.

How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay  
Tribute to hands, when lips are in the way!

*Non.* I thus recant, yet now your hand looks white,  
Because your lips robd it of such a right.

# The Fatall Downy

*After the Song, I prethy sing the song*  
*Devoted to my Mr.* *Cant.* *Muske.*

*After the Song, Enter Rochfort, & Beaumont.*

*Beau.* Romans will come, sir, straight.

*Roch.* Tis well.

*Beau.* My Father.

*Nonall.* My honorable Lord.

*Roch.* My Lord *Nonall*, this is a vertue in you,

So early vp and ready before noone,

That are the map of dressing through all *France*.

*Non.* I rise to say my prayers, sir, heere's my Saint.

*Roch.* Tis well and courtly: you must giue me leaue,

I haue some priuate conference with my daughter,

Pray vse my garden, you shall dine with me.

*Lilad.* Wee'l waite on you.

*Non.* Good morne vnto your Lordship,

Remember what you haue vow'd ——— to his *Mrs.* *Exeunt*

*Beau.* Performe I must. *ownes, prayer Roch. Daug.*

*Roch.* Why how now *Beaumont*, thou look'st not well,

Th'art sad of late, come cheere thee, I haue found

A wholesome remedy for these mayden fits,

A goodly Oake whereon to twist my vine,

Till her faire branches grow vp, to the starres,

Be neere at hand, successe crowne my intent,

My businesse fills my little time so full,

I cannot stand to talke; I know, thy duty

Is handmayd to my will, especially

When it presents nothing but good and fit.

*Beau.* Sir, I am yours. Oh if my teares prove true,

Fare hath wrong'd lone, and will destroy me too. *Exit*

*Enter Romans keeper.*

*Rom.* Sent you for me, sir?

*Roch.* Yes.

*Rom.* Your Lordships pleasure?

*Roch.* Keeper, this prisoner I will see forth coming

Vpon my word — Sir downe good Colonell. *Exit keeper.*

Why I did wish you higher, noble sir,

## The Fatall Downy.

As to advise you from this yron carriage,  
Which, so affected, *Romans*, you wear,  
To pity and to counsel yee submit  
With expedition to the great *Nuncio*.  
Recant your sterne contempt, and slight neglect  
Of the whole Court, and him, and opportunity,  
Or you will vndergoe a heavy censure  
In publique very shortly.

*Rom.* Hum haue reuerend sir,  
I haue obseru'd you, and doe know you well,  
And am now more afraid you know not me,  
By wishing my submission to *Nuncio*.  
Then I can be of all the bellowing mounthes  
That waite vpon him to pronounce the censure,  
Could it determine me torments and shame.  
Submit, and cringe forgiuenesse of a beast.  
Tis true, this bile of state weares purple Tissue,  
Is high fed, proud, so is his Lordships horse,  
And beares as rich Caparisons. I know,  
This Elephant carries on his backe not onely  
Towres, Castles, but the ponderous republiques,  
And neuer stoops for't, with his strong breath trunk  
Sauces other titles, Lordships, Offices,  
Wealth, bribes and lynes, vnder his rauenous lawes,  
Whats this vnto my freedom? I dare dye,  
And therefore aske this Cammell, if these blessings  
(For so they would be vnderstood by a man)  
But mollifie one rudenesse in his nature,  
Sweeten the eager relish of the law,  
At whose great helme he sits: helpe he the poore  
In a iust business day, does he not crosse  
Every defensed souldier and scholler,  
As if when nature made him, she had made  
The generall Antipathy of all vertue?  
How suagely, and blasphemously hee spake  
Touching the Generall, the graue Generall dead,  
I must weepe when I thinke on't.

*Reck.* Sir,

E 2

*Rom.*



## The Fatall Downy.

*Rom.* My Lord, I am not stubborn, I can melt, you see,  
And prize a vertue better then my life;  
For though I be not learned, I neuer lou'd  
That holy Mother of all issues, good,  
Whose white hand (for a Scepter) holdes a File,  
To polish roughest customs, and in you  
She has her right: see, I am calmes as sleepe,  
But when I thinke of the grosse iniuries,  
The godlesse wrong done, to my General dead,  
I rane indeed, and could cate this Nonall  
A soule-lesse Drumodary.

*Roch.* Oh bee temperate,  
Sir, though I would perswade, I'll not constraîne:  
Each mans opinion freely is his owne,  
Concerning anything or any body,  
Be it right or wrong, tis at the Iudges perill.

*Enter Barmond.*

*Bar.* These men, Sir, waite without, my Lord is come too.

*Roch.* Pay 'em those summes vpon the table, take  
Their full releasest stay, I want a witness:  
Let mee intreat you Colonell, to walke in,  
And stand but by, to see this money pay'd,  
It does concerne you and your friends, it was  
The better cause you were sent for, though sayd otherwize,  
The deed shall make this my request more plaine.

*Rom.* I shall obey your pleasure Sir, though ignorant  
To what is tends.

*Exit Seruant, Rom.*

*Roch.* Worthiest Sir, *Enter Charolles.*  
You are most welcome: sye, no more of this,  
You haue out-wrept a woman, noble  
No man but has, or must bury a father.

*Char.* Graue Sir, I buried sorrow for his death,  
In the graue with him. I did neuer thinke  
Hee was immortall, though I vow I grieve,  
And see no reason why the vicious  
Vertuous, valiant and vnworthy men  
Should dye alike.

*Roch.*

## The Fatal Downfall

**Rich.** They do not.

**Char.** In the manner  
Of dying, Sir, they do not, but alldye;  
And therein differ noe: but I haue done.  
I spy'd the lively picture of my father,  
Passing your gallery; and that cast this woe  
Into mine eyes: for, foolish that I am,  
To let it doe so.

**Rich.** Sweet and gentle nature,  
How like to this well comparatively  
To other men! I haue a suite to you Sir.

**Char.** Take it, tis granted.

**Char.** Nothing, my Lord.

**Rich.** Nothing is quickly granted.

**Char.** Faith, my Lord,

That nothing granted, is euen all I haue,  
For ( all know ) I haue nothing left to grant.

**Rich.** Sir, ha' you any suite to me? I'll grant  
You something, any thing.

**Char.** Nay surely, I that can  
Giue nothing, will but sue for that againe.

No man will giue mee any thing: I sue for  
But begging nothing, euery man will giue't.

**Rich.** Sir, the loue I bore your father, and the worth  
I see in you, so much resembling his,

Made me thus send for you. And tender heere  
What euer you will take, gold, Jewels, both,

All to supply your wants, and free your life.  
Where beaueuly vertue in high blouded veines

Is lodg'd, and can agree, men should knoe downe,  
A dore, and sacrifice all that they haue,

And well they may, it is so seldome scene.  
Put off your wonder, and heere freely take

Or send your seruants. Nor, Sir, shall you vse  
In ought of this, a poore mans fee, or bribe,

Vnjustly taken of the rich, but what's  
Directly gotten, and yet by the Law.

## The Fatal Downy.

*Char.* How ill, Sir, it becomes those hairees to stoakes

*Rech.* Mocke thunder strike mee then

*Char.* You doe amaze mee

But you shall wonder too, I will not take

One single piece of this great heape: why should I

Borrow, that haue not means to pay, my am

A very baakerupt, euen in flattering hope

Of euer rayling any. All my begging,

Is Remones libertie Enter Remont, Creditors leaders with

*Rech.* Heere is your friend, my money

Enfranchist ere you spake. I giue him you,

And *Charaldis*. I giue you for your friend

As free a man as hee, your fathers debts

Are taken off.

*Char.* How?

*Rom.* Sir, it is most true. He is now

I am the wicnes.

1 *Cred.* Yes faith, wee are pay'd.

2 *Cred.* Heauen blese his Lordship, I did thinke him wisr?

3 *Cred.* He a states-man, he an able Pay other mens debts?

1 *Cred.* That hee was neuer bound for.

*Rom.* One more such would save the rest of pleaders

*Char.* Honor *Rech.*

Lye still my tounge and busines, cal'd my cheekes,

Thar offer thanks in words, for such great deeds.

*Rech.* Call in my daughter: still I haue a suit to you. *Exit.*

Would you requite mee.

*Rom.* With his life, assure you.

*Rech.* Nay, would you make me now your debtor, Sir?

This is my onely child: what shee appeares, Enter *Ban*

Your Lordship well may see her education, *Rom.*

Follows not any: for her mind, I know is

To be far sayrer then her shape, and hope

It will continue so: if now her birch

Be not too meane for *Charaldis*, take her

This virgin by the hand, and call her wife,

Indowd with all my fortunes: blese mee so

Require

## The Fatall Dowry:

Requite mee thus, and make mee happier,  
In ioyning my poore empty name to yours,  
Then if my state were multiplied ten fold.

*Char.* Is this the payment, Sir, that you expect?  
Why, you participate me more in debt,  
That nothing but my life can ever pay,  
This beautie being your daughter, in which yours  
I must conceiue necessitie of her vertue  
Without all dowry is a Princes syne,  
Then, as shee is, for poore and worthless I,  
How much too worchy! Waken me, *Remoue*,  
That I may know I dream't, and find this vanish

*Rom.* Sure, I sleepe not.

*Reb.* Your sentence life or death.

*Char.* Faire *Beauuville*, can you loue me?

*Beau.* Yes, my Lord.

*Enter Nouall, Poets.*

*Char.* You need not question me, if I can you. *Maluine*,  
You are the fayrest virgin in *Digum*. *Labad, Myer. All*  
And *Rockfort* is your father. *Salas.*

*Nou.* What's this change?

*Reb.* You met my wishes, *Gentlemen*.

*Rom.* What make

These dogs in doubters heere?

*Beau.* A Visitation, Sir.

*Char.* Then thus, Faire *Beauuville*, I write my fate  
Thus scale it in the sight of Heaven and men.  
Your fingers tye my heart-strings with this touch  
In true-loue knots, which nought but death shall loose;  
And yet these eares (an Embleme of our loue)  
Like Crisfall rivers individually  
Flow into one another, make one source,  
Which neuer man distinguish, lesse deuider  
Breath, marry, breath, and kisses, mingle soules  
Two hearts, and bodies, heere incorporate.  
And though with little wooing I haue wonne,  
My future life shall bee a wooing ryme.  
And every day, new as the bridall one,



## The Fatall Downy.

Oh Sir, I groane vnder your courtesies,  
More then my fathers bones vnder his wronges,  
You *Enrius*-like, haue throwne into the gulfe,  
Of this his Countries soule ingratitude,  
Your life and fortunes, to redeme their shames.  
*Roch.* No more, my glory, come, let's in and hasten  
This celebration.

*Rom. Mal. Pent. Ban.*

All faire blisse vpon it.

*Exeunt Roch. Char. Rom. Ban. Mal.*

*Non.* Mistresse.

*Ben.* Oh servant, vertue strengthen me.

Thy presence blowes round my affections vane:

You will vndoe me, if you speake againe.

*Exit Ben.*

*Lilad. Ayw.* Here will be sport for you. This workes.

*Exeunt Lilad. Ayw.*

*Non.* Peace, peace.

*Pent.* One word, my Lord *Nonall*.

*Non.* What, thou wouldst mony here.

*Pent.* No, Ile none, Ile not be bought a slave.

A Pander, or a Parasite, for all

Your fathers worth, though you haue sau'd my life,

Rescued me often from my wants, I must not

Winke at your follies: that will ruine you.

You know my blunt way, and my lone to truth.

For sake the pursuit of this Ladies honour.

Now you doe see he made another mans,

And such a mans, so good, so popular,

Or you will plucke a thousand mischiefs on you.

The benefits you haue done me, are not lost.

Nor cast away, they are purs'd heere in my heart,

But let me pay you, Sir, a sayer way

Then to defend your vices, or to sooth'em.

*Non.* Ha, ha, ha, what are my courtes vnto thee?

Good Cousin *Pencalier*, meddle with that

That shall concerne thy selfe.

*Exit Nonall.*

*Pent.* No more but scornes!

*Moue*

## The Fatall Dowry.

Moue on then, startes, worke your pernicious will:

Onely the wise rule, and preuent your ill.

Exit.

Hoboyes.

Here a passageouer the Stage, while the Act is playing  
for the Marriage of Charalois with  
Beaumselle, &c.

---

### Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Nonall Innier, Bellapert.

Non. In. **F**Lie not to these excuses: thou hast bin  
False in thy promise, and when I haue said  
Vngratefull, all is spoke.

Bell. Good my Lord, but heare me onely.

Non. To what purpose, trifter?

Can any thing that thou canst say, make voyd  
The marriage? or those pleasures but a dreame,  
Which Charaloys (oh Venus) hath enioyd?

Bell. I yet could say that you receiue aduantage,  
In what you thinke a losse, would you vouchsafe me  
That you were neuer in the way till now  
With safety to arriue at your desires,  
That pleasure makes loue to you vnattended  
By danger or repentance?

Non. That I could.

But apprehend one reason how this might be,  
Hope would not then forsake me.

Bell. The enioying  
Of what you most desire, I say th' enioying  
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,  
Confirm that I am faithfull.

Non. Giue some rellish  
How this may appeare possible.

Bell. I will

F

Rel

## The Fatall Downy.

Relish, and taste, and make the banquet easie.  
 You say my Ladie's married. I confesse it,  
 That *Charalot* hath inioyed her, 'tis most true  
 That with her, hee's already Master of  
 The best part of my old Lords state. Still better,  
 But that the first, or last, should be your hindrance,  
 I vnterly deny: for but obserue me:

While she went for, and was, I sweare, a Virgin,  
 What courtesie could she with her honour giue  
 Or you receive with safety — take me with you;  
 When I say courtesie, doe not thinke I meane  
 A kisse, the tying of her shoo or garter,  
 An houre of priuate conference: those are trifles.

In this word courtesie, we that are gamesters point at  
 The sport direct, where not alone the louer  
 Brings his Artillery, but vses it.  
 Which word expounded to you, such a courtesie  
 Doe you expect, and sudden.

*Non.* But he tasted the first sweetes, *Bellaport.*

*Bell.* He wrong'd you shrewdly,  
 He toy'd to climbe vp to the *Phoenix* nest,  
 And in his prints leaues your ascent more easie.  
 I doe not know, you that are perfect Critiques.  
 In womens bookes, may talke of maydenheads.

*Non.* But for her marriage.

*Bell.* 'Tis a faire protection  
 'Gainst all arrests of feare, or shame for euer.  
 Such as are faire, and yet not foolish, study  
 To haue one at thirteene; but they are mad  
 That stay till twenty. Then sir, for the pleasure,  
 To say Adulterie's sweeter, that is false.  
 This onely is not the contentment more,  
 To say, This is my Cuckold, then my Riual.  
 More I could say — but briefly, she doates on you,  
 If it prove other wise, spare not, poyson me  
 With next gold you giue me.

*Beau.* Hows this seruant, contring my woman?

*Bell.* As an entrance to

*Enter Beaumety.*

The

## The Fustall Downy.

The favour of the mistress: you are together  
And I am perfect in my qu,

*Beau.* Stay Bellapers.

*Bell.* In this, I must not with your leave obey you.  
Your Taylor and your Tire-woman waite without  
And stay my counsayle, and direction for  
Your next dayes dressing. I haue much to doe,  
Nor will your Ladiship know, time is precious,  
Continue idle: this choise Lord will finde  
So fit imployment for you.

*Exit Bellap.*

*Beau.* I shall grow angry.

*Nou.* Not so, you haue a ieuell in her, Madama

*Bell.* I had forgot to tell your Ladiship

The cloiet is priuate and yo couch ready;

And if you please that I shall loose the key,

But say so, and tis done.

*Exit Bellap.*

*Beau.* You come to chide me, servant, and bring with you  
Sufficient warrant, you will say and cruelly,  
My father found too much obedience in me,  
By being won too soone: yet if you please  
But to remember, all my hopes and fortunes  
Had reuerence to this likening: you will grant  
That though I did not well towards you, I yet  
Did wisely for my selfe.

*Nou.* With too much seruor

I haue so long leu'd and still loue you, Mistresse,

To esteeme that an iniury to me

Which was to you conuenient: that is past

My helpe, is past my cure. You yet may, Lady,

In recompence of all my durions seruice,

(Prouided that your will answere your power)

Become my Creditresse.

*Beau.* I vnderstand you,

And for assurance, the request you make

Shall not be long vnanswered. Pray you sit,

And by what you shall heare, you'l easily finde,

My passions are much fitter to desire,



## The Fatall Dowry.

Then to be sued to.

*Enter Romont and Florimell.*

*Flor.* Sir, tis not enuy

At the start my fellow has got of me in  
My Ladies good opinion, thats the motiue  
Of this discouery; but due payment  
Of what I owe her Honour.

*Rom.* So I conceiue it.

*Flo.* I haue obseru'd too much, nor shall my silence  
Preuent the remedy——yonder they are,  
I dare not bee scene with you. You may doe  
What you thinke fit, which wilbe, I presume,  
The office of a faithfull and tryed friend  
To my young Lord.

*Exit Flori.*

*Rom.* This is no vision: ha!

*Now.* With the next opportunity.

*Bean.* By this kisse, and this, and this.

*Now.* That you would euer sweare thus.

*Rom.* If I seeme rude, your pardon, Lady; yours  
I donot aske: come, do not dare to shew mee  
A face of anger, or the least dislike;  
Put on, and suddenly a milder looky,  
I shall grow rough else.

*Now.* What haue I done, Sir,  
To draw this harsh vnflawory language from you?

*Rom.* Done, Popinjay? why, dost thou thinke that if  
I ere had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,  
Thou shouldst outline it?

*Bean.* This is something more  
Then my Lords friendship giues commission for.

*Now.* Your presence and the place, makes him presume  
Vpon my patience.

*Rom.* As if thou ere wer't angry  
But with thy Taylor, and yet that poore shred  
Can bring more to the making vp of a man,  
Then can be hop'd from thee: thou art his creature,  
And did hee not each morning new create

thou

## The Fatall Downy

Thou wouldst stinke and be forgotten. Ile not change  
On fillable more with thee, vntill thou bring  
Some testimony vnder good mens hands,  
Thou art a Christian. I suspect thee strongly,  
And wilbe satisfied, till which time, keepe from me.  
The entertainment of your vifitation  
Has made what I intended on a businesse.

*Non.* So wee shall meete — Madam.

*Rom.* Vse that legge againe, and Ile cut off the other.

*Non.* Very good.

*Exit Non.*

*Rom.* What a perfume the Muske-car leanes behind him!  
Do you admit him for a property,  
To saue you charges, Lady.

*Beau.* Tis not vsclesse,  
Now you are to succceed him?

*Rom.* So I respect you,  
Not for your selfe, but in remembrance of,  
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,  
That I chiose rather not to vnderstand  
Your nasty scoffe then, —

*Beau.* What, you will not beate mee,  
If I expound it to you. Heer's a Tyrant  
Spares neyther man nor woman.

*Rom.* My intents  
Madam, deserue not this; nor do I stay  
To bee the wheellstone of your wit; preferue it  
To spend on such, as know how to admire  
Such coloured stuffe. In me there is now speaks to you  
As true a friend and seruant to your Honour,  
And one that will with as much hazzard guard it,  
As euer man did goodnesse. — But then Lady,  
You must endeaour not alone to bee,  
But to appeare worthy such loue and seruice.

*Beau.* To what tends this?

*Rom.* Why, to this purpose, Lady,  
I do desire you should proue such a wife  
To Charaleys ( and such a one hee merits )

## The Fatale Dowry.

*As* Caesar, did hee live, could not except at;  
Not onely innocent from crime, but free  
From all taint and suspicion.

*Beau.* They are base that indge me otherwise.

*Rom.* But yet bee carefull.

Detraction's a bold monster, and feares not  
To wound the fame of Princes, if it find  
But any blemish in their lues to worke on;  
But lke bee plainer with you: had the people  
Bin leard to speake, but what euen now I saw,  
Their malice out of that would raise an engine  
To overthrow your honor. In my sight  
( With yonder pointed foole I frighted from you )

You vs'd familiarity beyond  
A modest entertaynement : you embrac'd him  
With too much ardor for a stranger, and  
Met him with kisses neyther chaste nor comely;  
But learne you to forget him, as I will  
Your bounties to him, you will find it safer  
Rather to bee vncourtly, then immodest.

*Beau.* This pretty rag about your necke shews well,  
And being coorse and little worth, it speaks you,  
As terrible as thrifty.

*Rom.* Madam.

*Beau.* Yes.

'And this strong belt in which you hang your honor  
Will out-last twenty scarfe.

*Rom.* What meane you, Lady?

*Beau.* And all else about you Cap a pee,  
So vniforme in spite of handsonnesse,  
Shews such a bold contempt of comelinesse,  
That tis not strange your Laundresse in the League,  
Grew mad with loue of you.

*Rom.* Is my free counsaile.

Answerd with this ridiculous scorne?

*Beau.* These objects  
Stole very much of my attention from me,

## The Fatall Dowry.

Yet something I remember, to speake truth,  
Deceyued grauely, but to little purpose,  
That almost would haue made me sweare, some Carce  
Had stolne into the person of Remont,  
And in the praise of goodwife honesty,  
Had read an homely.

*Rem.* By thy hand.

*Beau.* And sword,

I will make vp your oath, twill want weight else,  
You are angry with me, and poore I laugh at it.  
Do you come from the Campe, which affords onely  
The connerstation of cast suburbe whores,  
To set downe to a Lady of my ranke,  
Lymits of entertainmen?

*Rem.* Sure a Legion has posselt this woman?

*Beau.* One stamp more would do wells yet I desire not  
You should grow home-mad, till you haue a wife.  
You are come to warme meare, and perhaps cleane linnen  
Feed, weare it, and bee thankfull. For me, know,  
That though a thousand watches were set on mee,  
And you the Master-spy, I yet would vse,  
The liberty that best likes mee. I will reuell,  
Feast, kisse, imbracee, perhaps grant larger fauours;  
Yet such as liue vpon my meanes, shall know  
They must not mormur at it. If my Lord  
Bee now growne yellow, and has chost out you  
To serue his iealouzy that way, tell him this,  
You haue something to informe him. *Exit Beau.*

*Rem.* And I will.

Beleeue it wicked one I will. Heare, Heaven,  
But hearing pardon mee: if these fruts grow  
Vpon the tree of marriage, let me shun it,  
As a forbidden sweete. An heyre and rich,  
Young, beautifull, yet adde to this a wife,  
And I will rather choose a Spittle sinner  
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten;  
And take it for a blessing, rather then

*Beu.*



## The Fatal Downy.

Be fettered to the hellish slavery  
Of such an impudence.

*Enter Banmont with writings.*

*Ban.* Collonell, good fortune  
To meet you thus: you looke sad, but he tell you  
Something that shall remoue it. Oh how happy  
Is my Lord *Charaloys* in his faire bride!

*Rom.* A happy man indeede!—pray you in what?

*Ban.* I dare sweare, you would thinke so good a Lady, w<sup>th</sup>  
A dower sufficient.

*Rom.* No doub. But on.

*Ban.* So faire, so chaste, so vertuous: so indeed  
All that is excellent.

*Rom.* Women haue no cunning to gull the world.

*Ban.* Yet to all these, my Lord  
Her father giues the full addition of

All he does now possesse in *Burgundy*:

These writings to confirme it, are new seal'd

And I most fortunate to present him with them;

I must goe seeke him out, can you direct mee?

*Rom.* You'l finde him breaking a young horse.

*Ban.* I thanke you. *Exit Banmont.*

*Rom.* I must do something worthy *Charaloys*'s friendship.

If she were well inclin'd to keepe her so,

Desern'd not thanks; and yet to stay a woman

Spur'd headlong by hot lust, to her owne ruine,

Is harder then to prop a falling towre

With a deceiuing reed. *Enter Rockford.*

*Rock.* Some one seeke for me,

As soone as he returnes.

*Rom.* Her father? ha?

How if I breake this to him? sure it cannot

Meete with an ill construction. His wisdom

Made powerfull by the authority of a father,

Will warrant and giue priuiledge to his counsailes.

It shall be so—my Lord.

*Rock.* Your friend *Romont* would you ought with me?

*Rom.*

## The Fatal Downy.

**Rom.** I stand so engag'd  
To your so many fauours, that I hold it  
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,  
Though with some imputation to my selfe,  
All doubts that may concerne you.

**Roch.** The performance  
Will make this procreation worth my thanks.

**Rom.** Then with your patience lend me your attention  
For what I must deliver, whisper'd only  
You will with too much griefe receive.

*Enter Beaumelle, Bellmont.*

**Beau.** See wench?

Vpon my life as I forespake, hee's now  
Preferring his complaint: but be thou perfect,  
And we will fit him.

**Bell.** Feare not me, pox on him:  
A Capitaine turne Informer against himselfe?  
Would he were hang'd vp in his rusty Armour;  
But if our fresh wits cannot turne the place  
Of such a mouldy murrion on it selfe,  
Rich cloathes, choyle fare, and a true friend are call'd,  
With all the pleasures the night yeelds, forsake vs.

**Roch.** This in my daughter? doe not wrong her.

**Bell.** Now begin.

The games afoot, and wee in distance.

**Beau.** Tis thy fault, foolish girl, pinne on my vaile?  
I will not wear those iewels. Am I not  
Already matcht beyond my hopes? yet still  
You prune and set me forth, as if I were  
Aaine to please a sutyer.

**Bell.** Tis the course  
That our great Ladies take.

**Rom.** A weak excuse.

**Beau.** Those that are better seene, in what concerne  
A Ladies honour and faire fame, condemne it.  
You waite well, in your absence, my Lords friend  
The ynderstanding, graue and wise *Romont*,

## The Fatall Dowry

*Rom.* Must I be still her sport?

*Ben.* Reproue me for it.

And he has traueld to bring home a iudgement

Not to be contradicted. You will say

My father, that owes more to yeeres then he,

Has brought me vp to musique, langing, Courtship;

And I must vse them. True, but not to offend,

Or render me suspected.

*Roch.* Does your fine story begin from this?

*Ben.* I thought a parting kisse

From young *Nonall* would haue displeasd no more

Then heretofore it hath done; but I finde

I must restrayne such fauours now; looke therefore

As you are carefull to continue mine,

That I no more be visited. He endure

The strictest course of life that ieaiousie

Can thinke secure enough, ere my behauiour

Shall call my fame in question.

*Rom.* Ten dissemblers

Are in this subtil deuill. You beleene this?

*Roch.* So farre that if you trouble me againe

With a report like this, I shall not onely

Iudge you malicious in your disposition,

But study to repent what I haue done

To such a nature.

*Rom.* Why, 'tis exceeding well.

*Roch.* And for you, daughter, off with this, off with it.

I haue that confidence in your goodnesse, I,

That I will not consent to haue you line

Like to a Recluse in a cloyster; goe

Call in the gallants, let them make you merry,

Vse all fit liberty.

*Bel.* Blessing on you.

If this new preacher with the sword and feather

Could proue his doctrine for Canonically,

We should haue a fine world.

*Exit Bellapert.*

*Roch.* Sir, if you please

To

## The Fatal Dowry.

To beate your selfe as fits a Gentleman,  
The house is at your service: but if not,  
Though you seeke company else where, your absence  
Will not be much lamented. — *Exit Rochester.*

*Rom.* If this be  
The recompence of straining to preferre  
A wanton gigglet honest, very shortly  
I will make all mankind Panders. — Do you smile?  
Good Lady Louesens your whole sex is like you,  
And that man's mad that seeks to better any.  
What new change haue you next?

*Beau.* Oh, feare not you, sir,  
Ile shift into a thousand, but I will  
Conuert your heresie.

*Rom.* What heresie? Speake.  
*Beau.* Of keeping a Lady that is married,  
From entertayning seruants. — *Enter Nouell In. Alala-*  
O, you are welcome. *vine, Liladam, Aymor,*

*Pontallier.*  
Vse any meanes to vex him,  
And then with welcome follow me. *Exit Beau.*

*Nou.* You are tyr'd  
With your graue exhortations, Collonell.

*Lilad.* How is it? Faith, your Lordship may doe well,  
To helpe him to some Church-preferment: tis  
Now the fashion, for men of all conditions,  
How euer they haue liu'd, to end that way.

*Aym.* That face would doe well in a surplices.

*Rom.* Rogues, be silent — or —

*Pont.* S' death will you suffer this?

*Rom.* And you, the master Rogue, the coward rascall,  
I shall be with you suddenly.

*Nou.* Pontallier,

If I should strike him, I know I shall kill him.

And therefore I would haue thee beate him, for

Hee's good for nothing else.

*Lilad.* His backe

Appeares to me, as it would tire a Beadle.



# The Fatall Downy

And then he has a knotted brow, would bruse  
A courtlike hand to touch it.

*Aym.* Hee lookes like  
A Currier when his hides grow deare.

*Pont.* Take heede he currie not some of you.

*Now.* Gods me, hee's angry.

*Rom.* I breake no left, but I can breake my sword.

About your pates.

*Lila.* Heres more.

*Aym.* Come let's bee gods.

*VV*ee are beleagu'd.

*Now.* Looke they bring vp their troops.

*Pont.* Will you sit downe with this disgrace?

You are abus'd most grosely.

*Lila.* I grant you, Sir, we are, and you would have vs

Stay and be more abus'd.

*Now.* My Lord, I am sorry,

Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.

*Cha.* Prethee *Romans*, what caus'd this yprore?

*Rom.* Nothing.

They laugh'd and v'd their scurvy wits vpon mee.

*Char.* Come, tis thy Iealous nature, but I wonder

That you which are an honest man and worthy,

Should foster this suspicion: no man laughes,

No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st

His conference and his secret, reflects on thee:

For my part they should scold their thin wits out,

So I not heard 'em, beats me, not being there.

Leane, leane these firs, to conscious men, to such

As are obnoxious, to those foolish things,

As they can gibe at.

*Rom.* VVell, Sir.

*Char.* Thou art know'n

Valiant without deceit, right defin'd,

Which is (as fearing to doe iniury,

Astender to endure it) not a brabbler,

A sweager.

*Rom.*

# The Fatall Downy

*Rom.* Pish, pish, what needs this my Lord?  
If I bee knowne none such, how vainly, you  
Do cast away good counsaile? I haue lou'd you,  
And yet must freely speake: so young a tutor,  
Fits not so old a Souldier as I am.  
And I must tell you, 't was in your behalfe  
I grew iraged thus, yet had rather dye,  
Then open the great cause a syllable further.

*Cha.* In my behalfe? wherein bath *Charalain*  
Vnsitly so demean'd himselfe, to giue  
The least occasion to the loosest tongue,  
To throw aspersions on him, or so weakely  
Protected his owne honor, as it should  
Need a defence from any but himselfe?  
They are fooles that iudge me by my outward seeming;  
Why should my gentlenesse beget abuse?  
The Lion is not angry that does sleepe,  
Nor eury man a Coward that can weepe:  
For Gods sake speake the cause.

*Rom.* Not for the world.  
Oh it will strike disease into your bones:  
Beyond the cure of physicke, drinke your blood,  
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,  
Leane you no eyes but to sculmistry,  
And of your owne, nor speach but to wish thus:  
Would I had perish'd in the prisons lawes  
From whence I was redeem'd: I will weare you old,  
Before you haue experience in that Art,  
That causes your affliction.

*Cha.* Thou dost strike  
A deathfull coldnesse to my harts high heate;  
And shrinkst my liuer like the *Calentures*.  
Declare this foe of mine, and lifes, that like  
A man I may encounter and subdue it;  
It shall not haue one such effect in mee,  
As thou denouncest with a Souldiers arme;  
If it be strength, Ile meet it: if a fault

Belonging

## The Fatal Dowry.

Belonging to my mind, Ile cut it off  
VVith mine owne reason, as a Scholler should  
Speake, though it make mee monstrous.

*Rom.* Ile dye first.

Farewell, continue merry, and high Menue  
Keepe your wife chaste.

*Char.* Hump, stay and take this wolfe  
Out of my brest, that thou hast lodg'd there, or  
For euer lose mee.

*Rom.* Lose not, Sir, your selfe.

And I will venture—So the dore is fast. *Locke*  
Now noble *Charaleys*, collect your selfe, *the dore.*  
Summon your spirits, muster all you strength  
That can belong to man, sift passion,  
From euery veine, and whatsoeuer ensues,  
Vpbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of  
Iealousy, discontent, slaughter and ruines  
Make me not parent to sinne: you will know  
This secret that I burne with.

*Char.* Diuell on't,

What should it be? *Romious*, I heare you wish  
My wifes continuance of Chastity.

*Rom.* There was no hurt in that.

*Cha.* Why? do you know a likelyhood or possibility  
Vnto the contrarie?

*Rom.* I know it not, but doubt it, these the grounds  
The seruant of your wife now young *Neall*,  
The sonne vnto your fathers Enemy  
( Which aggrauates my presumption the more )  
I haue bin warad of, touching her, nay, scene them  
Tye heart to heart, one in anothers armes,  
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant  
To pose Arithmeticke, or whose eyes would  
Bee first burnt out, with gazing on the others.  
I saw their mouthes engender, and their palmes  
Glew'd, as if Loue had lockt them, their words flow  
And melt each others, like two circling flames,

Where

## The Farall Downy.

Where chastity like a Phoenix (me thought) burn'd,  
But left the world not ashes, nor an heire.  
Why stand you silent thus? what cold dull stegane,  
As if you had no drop of choller mixt  
In your whole constitution, thus prenailes,  
To sin you now, thus stupid hearing this?

*Cha.* You did not see 'em on my Couch within,  
Like George a horse-backe, on her, nor a bed?

*Rom.* Nec.

*Cha.* Ha, ha.

*Rom.* Laugh yee? sene so did your wife,  
And her indulgent father.

*Cha.* They were wise.  
Wouldst ha me be a foole?

*Rom.* No, but a man.

*Cha.* There is no dramme of manhood to suspect,  
On such thin syrie circumstance as this  
Meere complement and courtship. Was this tale  
The hydeous monster which you so conceal'd?  
Away, thou curious impertinent  
And idle searcher of such leane nice toyes.  
Goe, thou sedicious sower of debates  
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroome doubts  
He holdes not worth enough to counteruaile  
The vertue and the beauty of his wife.  
Thou buzzing drone that 'bout my cares dost hum,  
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,  
Whose venom, time, nor medicine could assuage.  
Thus doe I put thee off, and confident  
In mine owne innocency, and desert,  
Dare not conceiue her so vnreasonable,  
To put *Nowell* in ballance against me,  
An ypart crand vp to the height he has.  
Hence busiebody, thou 'rt no friend to me,  
That must be kept to a wines iniury.

*Rom.* Ist possible farewell, fine, honest man,  
Sweet temper'd Lord adieu what Apoplexy



# The Fatal Downy

Hach knif fence vp? Is this Remont? reward? where  
 Beare witness the great spirit of my father,  
 With what a healthfull hope I administer  
 This potion that hath wrought so virulently  
 I not accuse thy wife of act, but would  
 Present her *Pratipace* to thy dishonour,  
 Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit  
 Would I had scene thee gran'd with thy great Sire  
 Ere liue to haue mens marginall fingers point  
 At *Charalays*, as a lamented story.  
 An Emperour put away his wife for touching  
 Another man, but thou wouldst haue thine tasted  
 And keepe her (I thinke.) Pusse. I am a fire  
 To warme a dead man, that waste out my selfe,  
 Bleed—what a plague, a vengeance it is to me,  
 If you will be a Cuckold? heere I shew  
 A sword's point to thee, this side you may shun,  
 Or that the perill, if you will runne on,  
 I cannot helpe it.  
*Cha.* Didst thou neuer see me angry? *Remont?*  
*Rom.* Yes, and pursue a foe  
 Like lightening.  
*Char.* Prethee see me so no more,  
 I can be so againe. Put vp thy sword,  
 And take thy selfe away, lest I draw mine.  
*Rom.* Come fright your foes with this; fir, I am your  
 And dare stand by you thus.  
*Char.* Thou art not my friend,  
 Or being so, thou art mad, I must not buy  
 Thy friendship at this rate; had I iust cause,  
 Thou knowst I durst pursue such injury  
 Through fire, ayre, water, earth, nay, were they all  
 Shuffled againe to *Chaos*, but ther's none.  
 Thy skill, *Remont*, consists in camps, not courts;  
 Farewell, vncivil man, let's meet no more.  
 Heere our long web of friendship I vntwist.

Shall

## The Fatall Downe.

Shall I goe whine, walke pale, and locke my Wife  
 For nothing, from her birth free liberty,  
 That open'd mine to me? yes, if I doe  
 The name of cuckold then, dog me with scorn.  
 I am a *Frenchman*, no *Heathen* boy.  
 Rem, A dull *Dutch* rather full and coole (my blood)  
 Boyle not in zeale of thy friends hurt, so high,  
 That is so low, and cold himselfe in't. Woman,  
 How strong art thou, how easily beguild?  
 How thou dost racke vs by the very hotnes?  
 Now wealth I see change manners and the man.  
 Something I must do mine owne wrath to allwaies.  
 And note my friendship to an after-age.

### Actus quartus. Scena prima.

*Enter Nowall Junior, as newly dressed, a Taylor, Barber,  
 Perfumer, Liladam, Aymour, Page.*

*Now.* **M** Eed this a little pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh sic  
 vpon't, O Lard, hee has made me smell (for  
 all the world) like a flaxe, or a red headed womans chamber  
 powder, powder, powder.

*Perf.* Oh sweet Lord!

*Page.* That's his Perfumer.

*Taylor.* Oh deare Lord,

*Page.* That's his Taylor.

*Now.* *Monsieur Liladam, Aymour,* how allow you the  
 modell of these clothes?

*Aym.* Admirably admirably, oh sweet Lord. I shalredly  
 it's pittie the wormes should eatethes.

*Page.* Here's a fine Cell; a Lord, a Taylor, a Perfumer, a  
 Barber, and a piece of *Monsieur* to as little will in the  
 one, as honesty in the other. I foer it into the country a-  
 gaine, learne to speake truth, drinke Ale, and conuerse with

## The Fatall Downy.

my fathers Tenants; here I heare nothing all day; but vpon my soule as I am a Gentleman, and an honest man.

*Aym.* I vow and affirme, your Taylor must needs be an expert Geometrician, he has the Longitude, Latitude, Altitude, Profundity, every Demension of your body, so exquisitely, here's a lacy layd as directly, as if truth were a Taylor.

*Page.* That were a miracle.

*Lila.* With a haire breadth's error, ther's a shoulder piece cut, and the base of a pickadille in *punto*.

*Aym.* You are right, Monsieur his vestaments sit: as if they grew vpon him, or art had wrought 'em on the same loome, as nature fram'd his Lordship as if your Taylor were deeply read in Astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body, with a *Iacobs* staffe, an *Ephimerides*.

*Tayl.* I am bound t'ee Gentlemen.

*Page.* You are deceiu'd, they'l be bound to you, you must remember to trust 'em none.

*Nou.* Nay, sayth, thou art a reasonable neat Artificer, giue the diuell his due.

*Page.* If hee would but cut the coats according to the cloth still.

*Nou.* I now want onely my misters approbation, who is indeed, the most polite punctuall Queene of dressing in all *Burgundy*, *Pah*, and makes all other young Ladies appeare, as if they came from boord last weeke out of the country, Is't not true, *Liladam*?

*Lila.* True my Lord, as if any thing your Lordship could say, could be otherwise then true.

*Nou.* Nay, a my soule, 'tis so, what fouler object is the world, then to see a young faire, handsome beauty, vnhand-  
somenly dighted and incongruently accoutred; or a hopefull  
*Chauatier*, vnmethodically appointed, in the externall orna-  
ments of nature. For euen as the Index tells vs the contents  
of stories, and directs to the particular Chapters, euen so  
does

## The Fatal Dowry.

does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manuell note from the margin) all the internall quality, and habilitment of the soule, and there cannot be a more euident, palpable, grosse manifestation of poore degenerate dunghilly blood, and breeding, then rude, vnpolish'd, disorderd and slovenly outside.

*Page.* An admirable lecture. Oh all you gallants, that hope to be sated by your cloathes, edify, edify.

*Aym.* By the Lord, sweet Lord, thou deserv'st a pension o'the State.

*Page.* Oth' Taylors, two such Lords were able to spread Taylors ore the face of a whole kingdome.

*Now.* Pox a this glasse li't flatters, I could find in my heart to breake it.

*Page.* O save the glasse my Lord, and breake their heads, they are the greater flatterers I assure you.

*Aym.* Flatters, detracts, impayres, yet put it by, Lest thou deare Lord (*Now* *as*-like) should doze vpon thy selfe, and dye, and rob the world Of nature's copy, that she workes forme by.

*Lila.* Oh that I were the Infanta Queene of Europe, Who (but thy selfe sweete Lord) shouldst marry me.

*Now.* I marry? were there a Queene oth' world, not I. Wedlocke? no padlocke, horslocke, I wear espurs To keepe it off my heeles, yet my *Aymont*, Like a free wanton iennet i'th meddows, I looke about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch, Feed in my neighbours pastures, picks my choyce Of all their faire-maid-mares but married once, A man is stall'd, or pown'd, and cannot graze Beyond his owne hedge.

*Enter Pontallier, and Malotin.*

*Pont.* I haue waited, sir, Three houres to speake w'th thee, and not take it well, Such magpies, are admitted, whilst I dance Attendance.



## The Fatall Downy.

*Ann.* Mappiss! what d'ee take me for?

*Pont.* A long thing with a most unpromising face.

*Ann.* I'll ne'r aske him, what he takes me for!

*Mal.* Doe not, sir,

But hee'l goe neere to tell you.

*Pont.* Are not thou a Barber Surgeon?

*Barb.* Yes sir, whydost thou aske?

*Pont.* My Lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.

*Lila.* *Aym.* Humph.

*Pont.* I prethe care him of 'em.

*Non.* Pish no more,

Thy galsare's overthrown; these are my Counsell.

And we were now in serious discourse.

*Pont.* Of perfume and apparell, can you rise

And spend 5 houres in dressing talke, with these?

*Non.* Thou'ldst haue me lie a dog up, stretch and shake,

And ready for allday.

*Pont.* Sir, would you be

More curious in preseruing of your honour?

Trim, 'twere more manly. I am come to wake

Your reputation, from this lethargy

You let it sleepe in, to perswade, importune,

Nay, to prouoke you, sir, to call to account

This Collonell *Reinont*, for the soule wrong

Which like a burthen, he hath layd on you,

And like a drunken porter, you sleepe vnder.

'Tis all the towne talks, and beleue, sir,

If your tough sence persist thus, you are vndone

Vtterly lost, you will be scorn'd and baffled

By euery Lacquay; season now your youth,

With one brauer thing, and in shall keep the odour

Euen to your death, beyond, and on your Tombe,

Sent like sweet oyles and Frankincense; sir, this life

Which once you sau'd, I ne'r since counted mine,

I borrow'd of you; and now will pay it,

I tender you the seruice of my sword;

To beare your challenge, if you'l wrie, your fate;

## The Fatall Downry.

He make mine owne: what ere betide you, I  
That haue liu'd by you, by your side will dye.

*Now He, he, would it ha' me challenge poore Remont?*

Fight with close breeches, thou mayst thinke I dare not.

Do not mistake me (cooze) I am very valliant,

But valour shall not make me such an Ass.

What use is there of valour (now a dayes?)

'Tis sure, or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.

Fight thou as thy minde moues thee, 'tis thy trade,

Thou hast nothing else to doe: fight with Remont?

No, it is not fight vnder a Lord.

*Post. Farewell, sir, I pitty you.*

Such louing Lords walke their dead honours graues,

For no companions fit, but sooles and knaues.

Come Malastin.

*Exeunt Post, Malastin.*

*Enter Remont.*

*Lila. S'foot, Colbran, the low gyant.*

*Aym. He has brought a battaile in his face, let's goe.*

*Page. Colbran d'ee call him? hee'l make some of you  
smoake, I beleene.*

*Rem. By your leaue, sirs.*

*Aym. Are you a Consort?*

*Rem. D'ee take me for  
A fidler? ya're deccin'd looke. He pay you.*

*Page. It seemes he knowe you one, he humbly doles you so.*

*Lila. Was there euer so base a fellow?*

*Aym. A rascall?*

*Lila. A most vncivil Groom?*

*Aym. Offer to kicke a Gentleman, in a Noblemans cham-  
ber? A pox of your manners.*

*Lila. Let him alone, let him alone, thou shalt lose thy  
arme, fellow: if wee stirre against thee, hang vs.*

*Page. S'foote, I thinke they haue the better on him,  
though they be kick'd, they talke so.*

*Lila. Let's leaue the mad Ape.*

*Now. Gentlemen.*

*Lilad. Nay, my Lord, we will not offer to dishonour you.*

## The Fatall Dowry.

so much as to stay by you, since hee's alone;

*Non.* Harke you.

*Ann.* We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you, so much as to take your Lordships quarrell in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands.

*Page.* Ile eene away with 'em, for this souldier beates man, woman, and child.

*Exeunt. Alarum. Non. Rom.*

*Non.* What meane you, sir? My people

*Rom.* Your boye's gone,

*Lockes the doore;*

And doore's lockt, yet for no hurt to you,  
But privacy: call vp your blood againe, sir, be not affraid, I do  
Beseech you, sir, (and therefore come) without more cir-  
Tell me how farre the passages haue gone (circumstance  
'Twixt you, and your faire Mistresse Beaumelle.  
Tell me the truth, and by my hope of Heauen  
It neuer shall goe further.

*Non.* Tell you why sir?

Are you my confessor?

*Rom.* I will be your confounder, if you doe not. *Drawes a*  
Stirre not, nor spend your voyce. *pocket dag.*

*Non.* What will you doe?

*Rom.* Nothing but lyne your brayne-pans, sir, with lead,  
If you not satisfie me suddenly,  
I am desperate of my life, and command yours.

*Non.* Hold, hold, ile speake. I vow to heauen and you,  
Shce's yet vntouch't, more then her face and hands;  
I cannot call her innocent; for I yeeld  
On my sollicitous wrongs she consented  
Where time and place met opportunity  
To grant me all requests.

*Rom.* But may I build on this assurance?

*Non.* As vpon your sayth.

*Drawes Inkeborne*

*Rom.* Write this, sir, nay you must,

*and paper.*

*Non.* Pox of this Gunne.

*Rom.* Withall, sir, you must sweare, and put your oath  
Vnder your hand, (shake not) ne're to frequent  
This Ladies company, nor euer send

*Token;*

## *The Fatall Dowry.*

Token, or message, or letter, to incline  
This (too much prone already) yeelding Lady.

*Now.* 'Tis done, fir.

*Rom.* Let mee see, this first is right,  
And here you with a sudden death may light  
Vpon your body, and hell take your soule,  
If euer more you see her, but by chance,  
Much lesse allure her. *Now, my Lord, your hand.*

*Now.* My hand to this?

*Rom.* Your heart else I assure you.

*Now.* Nay, there 'tis.

*Rom.* So keepe this last article  
Of your fayth giuen, and stead of threatnings, fir,  
The seruice of my sword and life is yours:  
But not a word of it, 'tis Fairies treasure;  
Which but reueal'd, brings on the blabbers, ruine.  
Vse your youth better, and this excellent forme (Lordship)  
Heauen hath bestowed vpon you. So good morrow to your

*Now.* Good dinell to your rogeship. No man's safes  
He haue a Camon planted in my chamber,  
Against such roaring roagues. *Exit.*

*Enter Belapert.*

*Bel.* My Lord away  
The Coach staves: now haue your wish, and iudge,  
If I haue bene forgetfull.

*Now.* Ha?

*Bel.* D'ee stand  
Humming and hawing now? *Exit.*

*Now.* Sweete wench, I come!  
Hence feare,

I swore, that's all one, my next oath 'ile keepe  
That I did meane to breake, and then 'tis quit.  
No paine is due to louers perjury.  
If loue himselfe laugh at it, so will I. *Exit Nowell.*

*Scene 2. Enter Charaloys, Baumont.*

*Bau.* I grieve for the distaste, though I haue manners,  
*Not*



## The Fatall Downy.

Not to inquire the cause, false out between  
Your Lordship and *Romont*.

*Cha.* I loue a friend,

So long as he continues in the bounds  
Prescrib'd by friendship, but when he vsurpes  
Too farre on what is proper to my selfe,  
And puts the habit of a Governour on,  
I must and will preserve my liberty.  
But speake of something, else this is a theme  
I take no pleasure in: what's this *Aymier*,  
Whose voyce for Song, and excellent knowledge in  
The chiefeft parts of Musique, you bestow  
Such prayles on?

*Ban.* He is a Gentleman,

(For so his quality speaks him) well receiv'd  
Among our greatest Gallants; but yet holds  
His maine dependance from the young Lord *Newall*.  
Some trickes and croochets he has in his head,  
As all Musicians have, and more of them  
I dare not author: but when you haue heard him,  
I may presume, your Lordship so will like him,  
That you'l hereafter be a friend to Musique.

*Cha.* I neuer was an enemy to't, *Banment*,

Nor yet doe I subscribe to the opinion  
Of those old Captaines, that thought nothing musically;  
But cries of yeelding enemies, neighing of horses,  
Clashing of armour, lowd shouts, drums, and trumpets;  
Nor on the other side in fauour of it,  
Affirme the world was made by musically discord,  
Or that the happinesse of our life consists  
In a well varied note vpon the Lute.  
I loue it to the worth of it, and no further;  
But let vs see this wonder.

*Ban.* He preuents my calling of him.

*Aym.* Let the Coach be brought  
To the backe gate, and serue the banquet vp:  
My good Lord *Charalot*, I thinke my house

*Enter Aymier.*

*Much*

## The Fatall Downy

Much honor'd in your presence.

*Cha.* To haue meanes,  
To know you better, sir, has brought me hither  
A willing visitant, and you'l crowne my welcome  
In making me a witnesse to your skill,  
Which crediting from others I admire.

*Aym.* Had I beene one houre sooner made acquainted  
With your intent my Lord, you should haue found me  
Better provided: now such as it is,  
Pray you grace with your acceptance.

*Ban.* You are modest.

*Aym.* Begin the last new ayre.

*Cha.* Shall we not see them?

*Aym.* This little distance from the instruments  
Will to your eares conuey the harmony  
With more delight.

*Cha.* Hee not content?

*Aym.* Yare tedious,  
By this meanes shall I with one banquet please  
Two companies, those within and these Guls heere.

*Song above.*

*Musique and a Song, Beauwells within—ha, ha, ha.*

*Cha.* How's this? It is my Ladies laugh I most certaine  
When I first pleas'd her, in this merry language,  
She gaue me thanks.

*Ban.* How like you this?

*Cha.* 'Tis rare,

Yet I may be deceiv'd, and should be sorry  
Vpon vncertaine suppositions, rashly  
To write my selfe in the blacke list of those  
I haue declayn'd against, and to *Romans*.

*Aym.* I would be ware well of—perhaps your Lordship  
Likes not these bad cupes, I haue a new Song  
Set to a lighter note, may please you better?  
'Tis call'd The happy husband.

*Cha.* Pray sing it.

*Song below. Arise and sing, Beauwells within—*

*Ban.* Ha, ha, tis such a groome.

## The Fatall Downy.

*En.* Doe I heare this, and yet stand doubtfull?

*Exit*

*Aym.* Stay him I am vndone,  
And they disconcered.

*Chas.*

*Ban.* Whats the matter?

*Aym.* Ah!

That women, when they are well pleas'd, cannot hold,  
But must laugh out.

*Enter Nonall In. Charaloy.*

*Non.* Helpe, haue me, murder, murder.

*Beaumont.*

*Ben.* Vndone forever.

*Bellapert.*

*Chs.* Oh, my heart!

Hold yet a little — doe not hope to scape

By flight, it is impossiblerthoagh I might

On all aduantage take thy life, and iustly;

This sword, my fathers sword, that nere was drawne,

But to a noble purpose, shall not now

Doe th' office of a hangman, I referue it

To right mine honour, not for a reuenge

So poore, that though with thee, it should cut off

Thy family, with all that are allyed

To thee in lust, or basenesse, 'twere still short of

All termes of satisfaction. Draw.

*Non.* I dare not,

I haue already done you too much wrong,

To fight in such a cause.

*Chs.* Why, dar'est thou neyther

Be honest, coward, nor yet valiant, knowe?

In such a cause come doe not shame thy selfe

Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to themselves

Could neuer heate, are yet in the defence

Of their whorls, daring looke on her againe.

You thoughte her worth the hazard of your soule,

And yet stand doubtfull in her quarrell, to

Venture your body.

*Ban.* No, he feares his cloaths, more then his flesh

*Chs.* Keepe from me, garde thy life,

Or as thou hast lur'd like a goate, thou shalt

Dye like a sheepe.

## The Fatale Downy.

*Now.* Since there's no remedy *They fight, Nowell*  
Despaire or safety now in me prone courage. *is slain.*

*Cha.* How soone weak wrong's or throwne I lend me your  
Beare this to the Ceroach—come, you haue taught me (hand,  
To say you must and shall : I wrong you not,  
Yare but to keepe him company you lone.  
Is't done? 'tis well. Raife officers, and take care,  
Allyou can apprehend within the house  
May be forth comming. Do I appeare much mou'd?

*Bar.* No, sir.

*Cha.* My griefes are now, Thus to be borne  
Hereafter ile finde time and place to mourne.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 3. Enter Remont, Pontallier.*

*Pont.* I was bound to seeke you, sir.

*Rem.* And had you found me  
In any place, but in the streete, I should  
Haue done, —not talk'd to you. Are you the Captaine?  
The hopefull *Pontallier*? whom I haue scene  
Doe in the field such service, as then made you  
Their enuy that commanded, here at home  
To play the parasite to a gilded knaue,  
And it may be the Pander.

*Pont.* Without this  
I come to call you to account, for what  
Is past already. I by your example  
Of thankfulnessse to the dead Generall  
By whom you were rais'd, haue practis'd to be so  
To my good Lord *Nowell*, by whom I liue;  
Whole least disgrace that is, or may be offered,  
With all the hazzard of my life and fortunes,  
I will make good on you, or any man,  
That has a hand in't; and since you allowe me  
A Gentleman and a souldier, there's no doubt  
You will except against me. You shall speete  
With a faire enemy, you vnderstand  
The right I looke for, and must haue.



## The Fatal Downy

*Rom.* I doe,  
And with the next dayes sunne you shall heare from mee.

*Exit Rom.*  
*Scena 4. Enter Charalou with a casket, Beaumelle, Beaumelle.*

*Cha.* Pray beare this to my father, at his leasure  
He may peruse it: but with your best language  
Intreat his instant presencelyou haue sworne  
Not to reueale what I haue done.

*Bea.* Nor will I — but —

*Cha.* Doubt me not, by Heauen, I will doe nothing  
But what may stand wi th honour: Pray you leane me  
To my owne thoughts. If this be to me, rise;  
I am not worthy the looking on, but onely  
To feed contempt and scorne, and that from you  
Who with the losse of your faire name haue caus'd it,  
Were too much cruelty.

*Bea.* I dare not moue you  
To heare me speake, I know my fault is farre  
Beyond qualification, or excuse,  
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you  
To thinke of mercy: onely I presume  
To intreate, you would be pleas'd to looke vpon  
My sorrow for it, and belecue, these teares  
Are the true children of my griefe and not  
A womans cunning.

*Cha.* Can you Beaumelle,  
Hauing deceived so great a trust as mine,  
Though I were all credulity, hope againe  
To get beleeft? no, no if you looke on me  
With pity or dare practise any meanes  
To make my sufferings lesse, or giue iust cause  
To all the world, to thinke what I must doe,  
Was cal'd vpon by you, vfe other waies,  
Deny what I haue seene, or iustifie  
What you haue done, and as you desperately  
Made shipwracke of your sayth to be a whore,  
Vfe th' armes of such a one, and such defence,  
And multiply the sinne, with impudence,

*Stand*

## The Fatall Dowry.

Stand boldly vp, and tell me to my teeth,  
You haue done but what's warranted,  
By great examples, in all places, where  
Women inhabit, vrge your owne defects,  
Or want of me in merit; tell me how,  
Your dowre from the low gulfe of pouerty,  
Weighd vp my fortunes, to what now they are:  
That I was purchas'd by your choyse and practise  
To shelter you from shame: that you might sinne  
As boldly as securely, that poore men  
Are married to those wines that bring them wealth;  
One day their husbands, but observers euer  
That when by this prou'd vsage you haue blowne  
The fire of my iust vengeance to the heighr,  
I then may kill you: and yet say 'twas done  
In heate of blood, and after die my selfe,  
To witnesse my repentance.

*Beau.* O my fate,

That neuer would consent that I should see,  
How worthy thou wert both of loue and duty  
Before I lost you; and my misery made  
The glasse, in which I now behold your vertue:  
While I was good, I was a part of you,  
And of two, by the vertuous harmony  
Of our faire mindes, made one: but since I wandred  
In the forbidden Labyrinth of lust,  
What was inseparable, is by me diuided.  
With iustice therefore you may cut me off,  
And from your memory, wash the remembrance  
That ere I was like to some vicious purpose  
Within your better iudgement, you repent of  
And study to forget.

*Cha.* O Beaumelle,

That you can speake so well, and doe so ill!  
But you had bin too great a blessing, if  
You had continued chaste: see how you force me  
To this, because mine honour will not yeeld

## The Fatall Dowry.

That I againe should loue you. *Beau.* In this life  
It is not fit you should: yet you shall finde,  
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,  
I dare not yet line one: let those fam'd matrones  
That are canoniz'd worthy of our sex,  
Transcend me in their sanctity of life,  
I yet will equall them in dying nobly,  
Ambitious of no honour after life,  
But that when I am dead, you will forgive me.

*Con.* How pity steales vpon me I should I heare her  
But ten words more, I were lost--one knocks, go in. *Knock*  
That to be mercifull should be a sinne. *within.*  
O, sir, most welcome. Let me take your cloake, *Exit Beau-*  
I must not be denyed--here are your robes, *melle.*  
As you loue iustice once more put them on: *Enter*  
There is a cause to be determin'd of *Rockfort,*  
That doe's require such an integrity,  
As you haue euer vs'd--ile put you to  
The tryall of your constancy, and goodnesse:  
And looke that you that haue beene Eagle-tyd  
In other mens affaires, prone not a Mole  
In what concerns your selfe. Take you your seate:  
I will be for you presently. *Exit.*

*Rock.* Angels guard me,  
To what strange Tragedy does this destruction  
Serue for a Prologue? *Enter Charalot, with Nonall*  
*Cha.* So, set it downe before *body. Beaumelle, Beau-*  
The Iudgement seate, and stand you at the bar: *mont.*  
For me? I am the accuser. *Rock.* Nonall slayne,  
And Beaumelle my daughter in the place  
Of one to be arraign'd.

*Cha.* O, are you touch'd?  
I finde that I must take an other course,  
Feare nothing. I will onely blinde your eyes,  
For Iustice should do so, when 'tis to meete  
An object that may sway her equall doome  
From

## The Fatall Downy.

From what it should be aim'd at. ——— Good my Lord,  
A day of hearing.

*Rech.* It is granted, speake ——— you shall haue iustice.

*Cha.* I then here accuse,

Most equall Iudge, the prisoner your faire Daughter,  
For whom I owed so much to you your daughter,  
So worthy in her owne parts : and that worth  
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,  
Truth witness with me, in the place of seruice  
I almost pay'd Idolatrous sacrifice  
To be a false aduitresse.

*Rech.* With whom?

*Cha.* With this *Nowell* here dead.

*Rech.* Be wel aduis'd

And ere you say aduitresse againe,  
Her fame depending on it, be most sure  
That she is one.

*Cha.* I took them in the act.  
I know no prooffe beyond it.

*Rech.* O my heart.

*Cha.* A Iudge should feele no passions.

*Rech.* Yet remember

He is a man, and cannot put off nature,  
What answer makes the prisoner?

*Beau.* I confesse

The fact I am charg'd with, and yeeld my selfe  
Most miserably guilty.

*Rech.* Heaven take mercy

Vpon your soule then it must leaue your body.  
Now free mine eyes, I dare vnmon'd looke on her.  
And fortifie my sentence, with strong reasons.  
Since that the politique law provides that seruants,  
To whose care we commit our goods shall die,  
If they abuse our trust: what can you looke for,  
To whose charge this most hopefull Lord gaue vp  
All hee receiv'd from his braue Ancestors,  
Or he could leaue to his posterity?  
His Honour, wicked woman, in whose safety



## The Fatall Dowry.

All this lifes ioyes, and comforts were locked vp,  
With thy lust, a theefe hath now stolne from him,  
And therefore—

*Cha.* Stay, iust Iudge, may not what's lost  
By her owne fault, (for I am charitable,  
And charge her not with many) be forgotten  
In her faire life hereafter?

*Rock.* Neuer, Sir—  
The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed,  
Repentant teares can neuer exiate,  
And be assured, to pardon such a sinne,  
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

*Cha.* I may not then forgive her.

*Rock.* Nor she hope it.

Nor can shee wish to liue no sunne shall rise,  
But ere it set, shall shew her vgly lust  
In a new shape, and euery on more horrid;  
Nay, euen those prayers, which with such humble seruor  
She seemes to send vp yonder, are beste backe,  
And all suites, which her penitence can proffer,  
As soone as made, are with contempt throwne  
Off all the courts of mercy.

*Cha.* Let her diethen.

Better prepar'd I am. Sure I could not take her,  
Nor she accuse her father, as a Iudge  
Partiall against her.

*Beau.* I approue his sentence,  
And kisse the executioner: my lust  
Is now run from me in that blood, in which  
It was begot, and nourished.

*Rock.* Is the dead then?

*Cha.* Yes, sir, this is her heere blood, is it not?

I thinke it be.

*Rock.* And you haue kild here

*Cha.* True, and did it by your doome

*Rock.* But I pronounc'd it  
As a Iudge onely, and friend to iustice,

## The Fatal Downy.

And zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour;  
Broke all the ties of nature and cast off  
The love and love-affection of a father.  
I in your cause, put on a Scarlet robe  
Of red died cruelty but in returne,  
You haue aduanc'd for me no flag of mercy:  
I look'd on you, as a wrong'd husband, but  
You clos'd your eyes against me, as a father.  
O *Beauville*, my daughter.

*Cha.* This is madness.

*Reb.* Keep from me, could not one good thought rise,  
To tell you that she was my ages comfort,  
Begot by a weak man, and borne a woman,  
And could not therefore but partake of frailty?  
Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,  
To vrge my many merits, which I may  
Obiect vnto you, since you proue vngratefull,  
Flinty-hearted *Charalox*.

*Cha.* Nature does preuaile above your vertue.

*Reb.* No: it giues me eyes,  
To pierce the heart of designe against me,  
I finde it now, it was my fate was aynd at,  
A nobler match was sought for, and the houres  
I liu'd, grew tedious to you: my compassion  
Towards you hath rendred me most miserable,  
And foolish charity vndone my selfe:  
But ther's a Heauen above, from whose lust wreake  
No mists of policy can hide offenders.

*Nousse.* Force open the doors: O monster, cannibal: with  
Lay hold on him, my sonne, my sonne. O *Rebfort*, Officers!  
'Twas you gaue liberty to this bloody wolfe  
To worry all our comforts, — But this is  
No time to quarrell; now giue your assistance  
For the reuenge.

*Reb.* Call it a fitter name — Iustice for innocent blood.

*Cha.* Though all conspire  
Against that life which I am weary of,

## The Fatall Downy.

A little longer yet ile strine to keepe it,  
To shew in spite of malice, and their lawes,  
His plea must speed that hath an honest cause. *Exunt.*

### Actus quintus. Scena prima.

*Enter Liladam, Taylor, Officers.*

*Lila.*

**V**Hy 'tis both most vnconscionable, and vntimely:  
I arrest a gallant for his cloaths, before  
He has worne them out: besides you sayd you ask'd  
My name in my Lords bond but for me onely,  
And now you'l lay me vp for't. Do not thinke  
The taking measure of a customer  
By a brace of varlets, though I rather wait  
Neuer so patiently, will proue a fashion  
Which any Courtier or Ianes of court man  
Would follow willingly.

*Tayl.* There I beleue you.

But sir, I must haue present moneys, or  
Assurance to secure me, when I shall. ———  
Or I will see to your comming forth.

*Lila.* Plague on't;

You haue provided for my enterance in:  
That comming forth you talke of, concerne me.  
What shall I doe? you haue done me a disgrace  
In the arrest, but more in giuing cause  
To all the street, to thinke I cannot stand  
Without these two supporters for my armes:  
Pray you let them loose me for their satisfaction.

I will not run away.

*Tayl.* For theirs you will not,

But for your owne you would: looke to them fellows.

*Lila.* Why doe you call them fellows? doe not wrong

Your

## The Fatall Dowry.

Your reputation so, as you are meere  
A Taylor, saythfull, apt to beleue in Gallants  
You are a companion at a ten crowne supper  
For cloth of bodkin, and may with one Larke  
Eate vp three manchets, and no man obserue you;  
Or call your trade in question for't. But when  
You study your debt-booke, and hold correspondence  
With officers of the hanger, and leane swordsmen,  
The learned conclude, the Taylor and Sergeant  
In the expression of a knave are these  
To be *Synonima*. Looke therefore to it,  
And let vs part in peace, I would be loth  
You should vndoe your teife.

*Tayl.* To let you goe *Enter old Nouall,*  
Were the next way. *and Pont alier.*  
But feel heeres your old Lord,  
Let him but giue his word I shall be paide,  
And you are free.

*Lala.* S' lid, I will put him to't  
I can be bur denied; or what say you?  
His Lordship owing me three times your debt;  
If you arrest him at my suite, and let me  
Goe run before to see the action entred.  
'Twould be a witty iest.

*Tayl.* I must haue earnest:  
I cannot pay my debts so.

*Pont.* Can your Lordship  
Imagine, while I line and weare a sword,  
Your sonnes death shall be reueng'd?

*Nou. so.* I know not  
One reason why you should not doe like others;  
I am sure, of all the herd that fed vpon him,  
I cannot see in any, now hee's gone,  
In pitty or in thankfulness one true signe  
Of sorrow for him.

*Pont.* All his bounties yet  
Well apt in such vthankfull ground: 'tis true



## The Fatall Downy.

He had weaknesse, but, such as few are free from,  
And though none sooth'd them less then I for now  
To say that I foresaw the dangers that  
Would rise from cherishing them, were but vntimely.  
I yet could wish the iustice that you seeke for  
In the reuenge, had bin trosted to me,  
And not the vncertaine issue of the lawes.  
Tas rob'd me of a noble testimony  
Of what I durst doe for him; but however,  
My forsaite life redeem'd by him though dead,  
Shall doe him seruice.

*Non. se.* As farre, as my griefe  
Will giue me leaue, I thanke you.

*Lila.* Oh my Lord,  
Oh my good Lord, deliuer me from these suries.

*Pont.* Arrested! This is one of them whose base  
And obiect flattery helpt to digge his graue;  
He is not worth your pittie, nor my anger,  
Goe to the basket and repent.

*Non. se.* Away I onely know, now to hate thee deadly;  
I will doe nothing for thee.

*Lila.* Nor you, Captaine.

*Pont.* No, to your trade againe, put off this case;  
It may be the discovering what you were,  
When your vnfortunate master tooke you vp,  
May moue compassion in your creditor,  
Confesse the truth.

*Lila.* And now I thinke on't better,  
I will, brother, your hand, your hand sweet brother,  
I am of your sect, and my gallantry but a dreame,  
Out of which these two fearefull apparitions  
Against my will haue wak'd me. This rich sword  
Grew suddenly out of a taylors bodkin;  
These hangers from my yailes and fees in Hell;  
And where as now this beauer sits, full often  
A thrifty cape compos'd of broad cloth lists,  
Nere kin vnto the cushion where I sat.

Crosse.

# The Fatal Downy.

Crosse-leg'd, and yet yngartred, hath beene seen  
Our breakfasts famous for the butter & loaves;  
I haue with ioy bin oft acquainted with;  
And therefore vse a conscience, though it be  
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,  
To me that as I haue beene, will againe  
Be of the brotherhood.

*Off.* I know him now;  
He was a prentice to *Le Robe at Orleans*;  
*Lila.* And from thence brought by my young Lord, now  
Vnto *Dyon*, and with him till this hour  
Hath bin recei'd here for a complete Monsieur;  
Nor wonder at it: for but say the our gallant,  
Euen those of the first ranke, and you will finde  
In every ten, one: per aduenture two,  
That smell ranke of the dancing schoole, or fiddle,  
The pantoffe or pressing yron: but hereafter  
Weele talke of this. I will surrender vp  
My suites againe: there cannot be much losse,  
'Tis but the turning of the face, with ones  
Additions more you know of, and what wants  
I will worke vp.

*Tayl.* Then here our quarrell ends.  
The gallant is turn'd Taylor and all friends.

*Scena 2. Enter Remont, Baumont.*  
*Rem.* You haue them ready.  
*Bau.* Yes, and they will speake  
Their knowledge in this cause, when thou thinkest fit  
To haue them call'd vpon.

*Rem.* 'Tis well, and something  
I can adde to their euidence to proue  
This braue reuenge, which they would haue call'd murder,  
A noble iustice.

*Bau.* In this you expresse  
(The breach by my Lords want of you, new made vp)  
A saythfull friend.

*Rem.* That friendship's rays'd on fad; on it I.

## The Fatale Downy

Which every sudden gust of discontent,  
Or flowing of our passions can change,  
As if it nere had bin, but doe you know  
Who are to sit on him?

*Ban.* Mounficur Du Cray

Assisted by *Charmi.*

*Rem.* The Advocate

That pleaded for the Marshalls funeral,  
And was checkt for it by *Nonall.*

*Ban.* The same.

*Rem.* How fortunes chat?

*Ban.* Why, sir, my Lord *Nonall*

Being the accuser, cannot be the Iudge,  
Nor would grieue *Reebfart*, but Lord *Charaleys*  
(How-euer he might wrong him by his power,)  
Should haue an equall hearing.

*Rem.* By my hopes

Of *Charaleys* acquittall, I lament  
That reuerent old mans fortune.

*Ban.* Had you seene him,

As to my grieft I haue now promis'd patience,  
And ere it was belceu'd, though spake by him  
That neuer brake his word, inrag'd againe  
So far as to make warre vpon those heires,  
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume  
To touch, but with a superstitious feare,  
As something sacred, and then curse his daughter,  
But with more frequent violence himselfe,  
As if he had bin guilty of her fault,  
By being incredulous of your report,  
You would not onely iudge him worrhy pittie,  
But suffer with him.

But heere comes the prisoner,

I dare not stay to doe my duty to him,  
Yet rest assur'd, all possible means in me

To doe him seruice, keepe you company.

*Rem.* It is not doubted.

*Enter Charaleys, with  
Officers.*

*Exit Ban.*

*Cha.*

## The Fatall Downy

*Cha.* Why, yet as I came hither,  
The people spr to mocke calamity,  
And tread on the oppres'd, made no homes at me,  
Though they are too familiar: I deserve them.  
And knowing what blood my sword hath drunk,  
In wreake of that disgrace, they yet forbare  
To shake their heads, or to reuile me for  
A murderer, they rather all put on  
(As for great losses the old *Romans* vs'd):  
A generall face of sorrow, waighted on  
By a sad murmur breaking through their silence,  
And no eye but was readier with a teare  
To witnesse 'twas shed for me, then I could  
Discerne a face made vp with scorne against me.  
Why should I then, though for vnusall wrongs  
I chose vnusall meanes to right those wrongs,  
Condemne my selfe, as ouer-partiall  
In my owne cause *Romans*?

*Rom.* Best friend, well met,  
By my hearts loue to you, and ioyne to that,  
My thankfulness that still liues to the dead,  
I looke vpon you now with more true ioy,  
Then when I saw you married.

*Cha.* You haue reason  
To giue you warrant for't, my falling off  
From such a friendship with the scorne that answered  
Your too propheticke counsell, may well moue you  
To thinke, your meeting me, going to my death,  
A fit encounter for that hate which iustly  
I haue deseru'd from you.

*Rom.* Shall I still then  
Speake truth, and be ill vnderstood?

*Cha.* You are not,  
I am conscious, I haue wrong'd you, and allow me  
Only a morall man to looke on you,  
Whom foolishly I haue abus'd and injur'd,  
Must of necessity be more terrible to me,

Then



## For All Doing

Then any death the Iudges can pronounce  
From the tribunall which I am to plead at.

*Rem.* Passion transports you.

*Cha.* For what I have done

To my false Lady, or *Newall*, I can

Give some apparent cause, but touching you,

In my defence, childlike, I can say nothing,

But I am sorry for't, a poore satisfaction.

And yet mistake the horror it is more

Then I will speake, to have my pardon sign'd

For all I stand accus'd of.

*Rem.* You much weaken the strength of your good cause.

Should you but thinke

A man for doing well could entertaine

A pardon, were it offered, you have given

To blinde and slow-paced iustice, wings, and eyes

To see and overtake impieties,

Which from a cold proceeding had receiv'd

Indulgence or protection.

*Cha.* Thinke you so?

*Rem.* Vpon my soule nor should the blood you challenge

And tooke to cure your honour, breed more scruple

In your soft conscience, then if your sword

Had bin sheath'd in a Tygre, or the Beare,

That in their bowels would have made your tombe

To inure innocence is more then murder.

But when inhumane lusts transforme vs, then

As beasts we are to suffer, not like men

To be lamented. Nor did *Charalot* ever

Performe an act so worthy the applause!

Of a full theater of perfect men,

As he hath done in this the glory got

By overthrowing outward enemies,

Since strength and fortune are maine sharers in it.

We cannot but by pieces call our owne:

But when we conquer our intestine foes,

Our passions breed within vs, and of those

## The Fatall Downy

The most rebellious tyrant powerfull loue,  
Our reason suffering vs to like no longer  
Then the faire object being good deserues it,  
That's a true victory, which, were great men  
Ambitious to archieue, by your example  
Setting no price vpon the breach of fayth,  
But losse of life, 'twould fright adultery  
Out of their families, and make lust appeare  
As lothsome to vs in the first consent,  
As when 'tis wayted on by punishment.

*Cha.* You haue confirm'd me. Who would loue a woman  
That might inioy in such a man, a friend?  
You haue made me know the iustice of my cause,  
And mark't me out the way, how to defend it.  
*m Rom.* Continue to that resolution constant,  
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,  
Come off with honour. Heere they come.

*Cha.* I am ready.

*Scenes 3. Enter Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, Nouall, se.  
Pantalier, Baudouin.*

*Nou. se.* See, equall Iudges, with what confidence  
The cruell murderer stands, as if he would  
Outface the Court and Iustice!

*Roch.* But looke on him,  
And you shall finde, for still methinks I doe,  
Though guilt hath dide him black, something good in him,  
That may perhaps worke with a wifer man  
Then I haue beene, againe to set him free  
And giue him all he has.

*Charmi.* This is not well.  
I would you had liu'd so, my Lord that I,  
Might rather haue continu'd your poore seruant,  
Then sit here as your Iudge.

*Du Croy.* I am sorry for you!

*Roch.* In no act of my life I haue deseru'd  
This injury from the court, that any heere

L

Should

## The Fatall Dowry.

Should thus vnciuilly vsurpe on what  
Is proper to me only.

*Du Cr.* What distaste  
Receiues my Lord?

*Rich.* You say you are sorry for him:  
A griefe in which I must not haue a partner:  
'Tis I alone am sorry, that I rays'd  
The building of my life for seventy yeeres  
Vpon so sure a ground, that all the vices  
Practis'd to ruine man, though brought against me,  
Could not vndermine, and no way left  
To send these gray haire to the graue with sorrow.  
Vertue that was my patron sic, betrayd me:  
For entering, nay, possessing this young man,  
It lent him such a powerfull Maiesty  
To grace what ere he vnderooke, that freely  
I gaue my selfe vp with my liberty  
To be at his disposing; had his person,  
Loudly I must confesse, or far fain'd valour,  
Or any other seeming good, that yet  
Holds a neere neyghbour hood, with ill wrought on me,  
I might haue borne it better: but when goodnesse  
And piety it selfe in her best figure  
Were brib'd to my destruction, can you blame me,  
Though I forget to suffer like a man,  
Or rather act a woman?

*Ban.* Good my Lord.

*Non.* You hinder our proceeding.  
*Charmi.* And forget  
The parts of an accuser.

*Ban.* Pray you remember  
To vse the temper which to me you promis'd.

*Rich.* Angels themselves must breake *Bannum*, that pro-  
Beyond the strength and patience of Angels,  
But I haue done, my good Lord, pardon me  
A weak old man, and pray adde to that

## The Fatall Dowry.

A miserable father, yet becarefull  
That your compassion of my age, nor his,  
Moue you to any thing, that may dis-become  
The place on which you sit

*Charms.* Read the Indirement.

*Cha.* It shall be needelesse, I my selfe, my Lords,  
Will be my owne accuser, and confesse  
All they can charge me with, or will I spare  
To aggrauate that guilt with circumstance  
They seeke to loade me with; onely I pray,  
That as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing;  
I may not be denideit for my selfe,  
When I shall vrge by what vnanswerable reasons  
I was compeld to what I did, which yet  
Till you haue taught me better, I repent not.

*Roeb.* The motion honest.

*Charms.* And 'tis freely granted.

*Cha.* Then I confesse my Lords, that I stood bound,  
When with my friends, euen hope it selfe had left me  
To this mans charity for my liberty,  
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:  
For after my enlargement, cherishing  
The good he did, he made me master of  
His onely daughter, and his whole estate:  
Great ties of thankfulness I must acknowledge,  
Could any one freed by you, presse this further?  
But yet consider, my most honourd Lords,  
If to receiue a fauour, make a seruant,  
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker  
To the imperious will of him that giues,  
Ther's none but slaves will receiue courtesie,  
Since they must setter vs to our dishonours.  
Can it be cal'd magnificence in a Prince,  
To powre downe riches, with a liberall hand,  
Vpon a poore mans wants, if that must bind him  
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?  
Or any man, because he sau'd my hand,



## The Fatall Dowry.

Presume my head and heart are at his seruice?  
Or did I stand ingag'd to buy my freedome  
(When my captivity was honourable)  
By making my selfe here and fame hereafter;  
Bondslaues to mens scorne and calumnious tongues?  
Had his faire daughters mind bin like her feature,  
Or for some little blemish I had sought  
For any content elsewhere, waisting on others  
My body and her dowry; my forehead then  
Defer'd the brand of base ingratitude:  
But if obsequious vsage, and faire warning  
To keepe her worth my loue, could preserue her  
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,  
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me?  
What should I doe? let any freeborne spirit  
Determine truly, if that thankfulnessse,  
Choise forme with the whole world giuen for a dowry,  
Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,  
As with a willing necke to vndergoe  
The insupportable yooke of shame or wittolnesse.

*Charm.* What proofe haue you she did play false, besides  
your oath?

*Cha.* Her owne confession to her father.

I aske him for a witnesse.

*Reb.* 'Tis most true.

I would not willingly blend my last words  
With an vntruth.

*Cha.* And then to cleere my selfe,  
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at,  
But that I held it, when faire *Bentiuella*  
Fell from her vertue, like the fatall gold  
Which *Brennus* tooke from *Delphos*, whose possession  
Brought with it ruine to himselfe and Army.  
Heer's one in Court, *Bentiuella*, by whom I sent  
All graunts and writings backe, which made it mine,  
Before his daughter dy'd by his owne sentence,  
As freely as vnask'd he gaue it to me.

*Bent.* They are here to be seene.

*Charmi.*

## The Fatal Dowry.

*Charmi.* Open the casket.  
Peruse that deed of gift.

*Rom.* Halfe of the danger  
Already is discharg'd the other part  
As brauely, and you are not onely free,  
But crown'd with praise for euer.

*De Croy.* 'Tis apparent.

*Charmi.* Your state, my Lord, againe is yours.

*Robb.* Not mine,

I am not of the world, if it can prosper,  
(And yet being lustily got, Ile not examine  
Why it should be so farall) doe you bestow it  
On pious vses, Ile goe seeke a graue.

And yet for prooffe, I die in peace, your pardon

I aske, and as you grant it me, may Heauen

Your conscience, and these Iudges free you from

What you are charg'd with, So farewell for euer. *Robb.*

*Nonall* so, Ile be mine owne guide, Passion, nor example  
Shall be my leaders. I haue lost a sonne,  
A sonne, graue Iudges, I require his blood  
From his accursed homicide.

*Charmi.* What reply you  
In your defence for this?

*Cha.* I but attended  
Your Lordships pleasure. For the fact, as of  
The former, I confesse it, but with what  
Base wrongs I was vnwillingly drawne to it,  
To my few words there are some other proofes  
To witnesse this for truth, when I was married:  
For there I must begin. The slayne *Nodell*  
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,  
A most deuoted seruant, but yet aym'd at  
Nothing but meane to quench his wanton heate,  
His heart being neuer warm'd by lawfull fires  
As mine was (Lordes) and though on these presumptions,  
Ioynd to the hate betwene his house and mine,  
I might with opportunity and ease

## The Fatale Downy.

Have found a way for my reuenge, I did not;  
But still he had the freedome as before  
When all was mine, and told that he abus'd it  
With some vnseemely licence, by my friend  
My appon'd friend *Romans*, I gaue no credit  
To the reporter, but reprov'd him for it,  
As one vncourtly and malicious to him.  
What could I more, my Lords? yet after this  
He did continue in his first pursue  
Hoter then euer, and at length obtaind it;  
But how it came to my most certaine knowledge  
For the dignity of the court and my owne honour  
I dare not say.

*Non. se.* If all may be beleen'd  
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish  
That durst be wicked, that will appeare guilty?  
No, my graue Lords, in his impudency  
But giue example vnto ialous men  
To cut the throats they hate, and they will neuer  
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.

*Charmi.* You must finde other proofes to strengthen these  
But mere presumptions.

*De Croy.* Or we shall hardly  
Allow your innocence.

*Cha.* All your attempts  
Shall fall on me, like brittle shafts on armor,  
That breake themselves; or like waues against a rocke,  
That leaue no signe of their ridiculous fury  
But foame and splinters, my innocence like these  
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serue  
But for a trumpet to proclaime my conquest;  
Nor shall you, though you doe the worst fate can,  
How ere condemne, affright an honest man.

*Rom.* May it please the Court, I may be heard.

*Non. se.* You come not  
To saile againe? but doe, you shall not finde  
Another *Rethfort*.

*Rom.*

## The Fatal Downy.

*Rom.* In *Nonall* I cannot.

But I come furnished with what will stop  
The mouth of his conspiracy against thallife  
Of innocent *Charalays*. Doe you know this Character?

*Non.se.* Yes, 'tis my sonnes.

*Rom.* May it please your Lordships, reside it,  
And you shall finde there, with what vehemency  
He did sollicite *Branuelle*, how he had got  
A promise from her to imoy his wishes,  
How after he abjur'd her company,  
And yet, but that 'tis fit to spare the dead,  
Like a damned villain, as soon as recorded,  
He brake that oath, to make this manifest,  
Produce his bands and hands.

*Enter Azymor, Flaminell, Bedaport.*

*Charmi.* Have they took their oaths?

*Rom.* They haue, and rather than indure the racke,  
Confesse the time, the meeting, say the do.  
What would you more? onely this nation made  
A free discovery to a good end.  
And therefore thus, to the Court, she may not  
Be plac'd in the blacke list of the delinquents.

*Pont.* I see by this, *Nonall* revenge needs not  
And I shall doe.

*Charmi.* 'Tis enident.

*Non.se.* That I

Till now was neuer wretched, here's no place  
To curse him or my stars. *Exit Nonall senior.*

*Charmi.* Lord *Charalays*,

The iniuries you haue sustain'd, appeare  
So worthy of the mercy of the Court,  
That notwithstanding you haue gone beyond  
The letter of the Law, they yet acquit you.

*Pont.* But in *Nonall*, I doe condemn him thus.

*Cho.* I am slayne.

*Rom.* Can I looke on? Oh murderous wretch,  
Thy challenge now I answer, so die with him.

*Charmi.*



## The Fatal Downy

*Charm.* A guard, disarm him.

*Rem.* I yield up my sword.

*Vntor'd.* Oh *Charm.*

*Charm.* For shame, *Rem.*

Mourne not for him that dies as he hath liv'd,

Still constant and vantage dr what's false upon me,

Is by Heavens will, because I made my selfe

A Iudge in my owne case without their warrants

But he that lets me know thus much in death

With all good men forgivemes

*Pent.* I receive the vengeance which my Ioue

Not built on vertue, has made me worthy, worthy of

*Charm.* We are taught

By this sad president, how iust soeuer

Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,

We are yet to leave them to their will and power,

That to that purpose have authority,

For you, *Rem.*, although in your capacity

You may plead, what you did, was in revenge

Of the dishonour done unto the Oake

Yet since from y<sup>e</sup> you haue not warrants

We banish you the State: for these, they shall

As they are found guilty, or innocent,

Be let free, or suffer punishment.

**FINIS.**

